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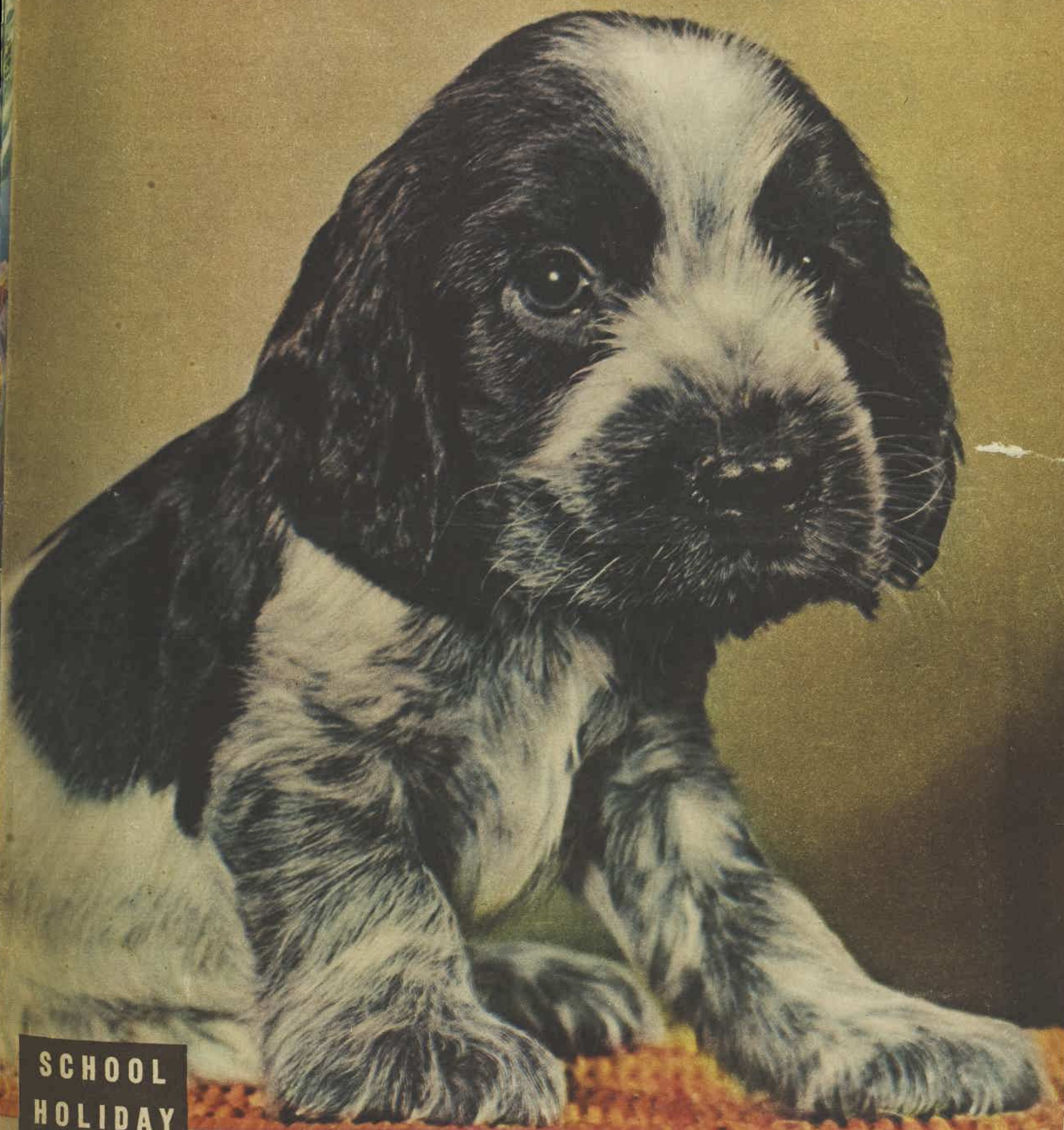
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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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SCHOOL  
HOLIDAY  
FEATURE

## WHO WILL WIN THIS PUPPY?



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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 7, 1958

Vol. 25, No.

## Our cover

• The four-weeks-old blue roan cocker spaniel is the first of the pedigreed puppies to be awarded as a prize in our new contest for children. The cocker, whose parents and grandparents are all champions, was bred by Mrs. D. K. Speer, of Homebush, Sydney. The contest, which is open to children 12 years old and under, is one of our special features designed to provide entertainment during the school holidays. Full details are given on page 37. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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## The Weekly Round

• That indomitable old battleaxe Elsa Maxwell has made a career of party-giving. This week we publish the first instalment of her *Party Secrets*. You'll find it amusing reading. Miss Maxwell knows a lot of celebrities and is frank about them.

**H**ERSELF almost a tectotaller, Miss Maxwell does not disapprove of those who drink, but she does disapprove of cocktail parties, where, she says, people often have too much to drink.

"People are not gay when drunk," she writes. "They have no imagination when drunk, they have no conversation when drunk. In short, they bore—and that's my grievance against cocktail parties."

Some of Miss Maxwell's advice on parties is on rather a high level. Nine-tenths of our readers wouldn't be likely to plan entertainment on such a scale. But some of her views can be soundly applied to the most modest gatherings of people. And all of them are lively to read, since Miss M. is never one to omit a slight seasoning of malice in her comments.

★ ★ ★  
**YOU** could say that the card tricks in our school holiday section this week are office-tested. Arthur Harrison, of our sub-editorial staff, brought a pack of cards into the office to try them out.

He became quite professional and thinks that if he wanted to change occupations he could take up stage magic—or even card-sharpping on a transatlantic liner.

**SALVATORE FERRA-**  
**GAMO**, celebrated Italian shoemaker (see story, page 5), offers the following advice to women—men, too, for that matter—when buying shoes. The shoes must support the arch. The whole weight of the body falls on the foot arch. Don't be swayed by the shop assistant. Decide yourself whether the shoe fits the arch. If not, don't buy.

Forget your customary size and fitting. Sizes vary in different makes. Never buy a too-small shoe. If your width is not available, take a narrower shoe; but length must be right.

Don't buy for design. The fit and arch support matter most. You must be able to walk out of the shop comfortable in your new shoes. You cannot "break in" shoes.

Search till you get the right

fit. Don't fear being thought a difficult customer. Your feet come first.

★ ★ ★  
**ONE** of this week's short stories, "Out of Harness," by Victorian author Pat Kennedy, is about a printer who when he retires takes with him a superannuated printing press. It occurs to us that a press from our £1,000,000 rotogravure set-up would be a bit obtrusive in the average home, but one of our staff has a more modest plan. She is so fond of her office typewriter (which, she says, composes much better stuff than her home portable) that she has announced her intention of asking for it as a retirement present. "In that case," commented a shrewder colleague, "why don't you apply for a new one in the next few years? You might outlive this machine."

## NEXT WEEK:

**NEW SERIAL.** "The Faceless Adversary," by Americans Frances and Richard Lockridge. Exciting murder mystery—one for the connoisseurs.

**HOW THEY LIVE.** Antony Armstrong-Jones, Royal photographer, in his London home. He gave us some of his recipes, too.

**SCHOOL HOLIDAYS.** Another puppy to win, more dresses for Wendy, more card tricks and puzzles.



# BACKSTAGE BEFORE THE GALA OPENING

In a brilliant explosion of color and outstanding technical ability, the New York City Ballet opened its 16-week Australian season at the Empire Theatre, Sydney.

The company is distinguished by the youth and vitality of the 44 dancers, which carried them triumphantly through the hectic opening night, two days after arriving from a season in Tokio.

After this five-month Pacific tour they will return to New York for the ballet season there. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

PEEPING ROUND THE CURTAIN before the gala opening are (from left) Ruth Sobotka, Nancy Reynolds, and Christine Mayer, members of the corps de ballet. During the Australian season the company will present 31 ballets, ranging from the classical "Swan Lake" to the modern "Western Symphony."



LAST-MINUTE CHECK (above) for her ballet shoes by Anne Boley before going on stage for "Fanfare," a ballet portraying instruments in the orchestra, the music by Benjamin Britten.

FINAL TOUCHES to make-up (left) are made by Allegra Kent, in costume for her role in "Western Symphony," which is set in the Wild West. Aged 20, Allegra is one of the soloists.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 7, 1958



# Governors' house may be hostel



## 57-year-old bachelor inspired by the memory of his mother

● If the N.S.W. Government approves the sale of "Hillview," the former Sutton Forest residence of State Governors, a South Coast company will make it a hostel for old people.

THE man behind this plan is Edwin Harold Klein, a bachelor from Shellharbour, on the South Coast.

Three important things strongly influenced Mr. Klein's decision to buy "Hillview" as a home for aged people on small incomes.

The first was the courage, unselfishness, and charity of his beloved mother, Emma Louisa Klein, who died some years ago.

The second was the humanitarianism of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the famous octogenarian doctor, philosopher, musician, and Nobel Peace Prize winner, who left Europe half a century ago to found a hospital in French Equatorial Africa.

And the third was the work being done in the United States to provide accommodation, comfort, and a happy life for old people.

But his mother came first always, for as he says:

By  
**RONALD McKIE**

"My brother and sister and I were fortunate in having a very wonderful mother, and the real credit for this idea is due to her.

"We had a mixed farm—sheep and wheat mainly, but a bit of everything—near Parkes, where I was born in 1901 and where my father, whose grandparents came from the French-German border, died when I was a little boy.

### High courage

"Mother, who had all the courage in the world, took charge. She ran the farm and brought us up and, we think, made a very good job of it.

"She taught us that life is meaningless unless you give something back to it, and any social sense I have is due largely to her example."

When Edwin Klein left school he was first a shop assistant in Parkes.

He wandered a bit, and when he was 23 he settled at Shellharbour to work as a carpenter before starting in a small way as a builder.

Although he has now retired, he still has many business interests on the South Coast, but the one thing he has never done is marry.

"I don't really know why," he says, "except that I seem to have been always far too busy to find a wife.

"It's a bit late now, and, anyway, I'm almost married to my books.

"I have at least 1000—mostly what you'd call heavy or serious books—and I read almost all my spare time.

"It was reading which brought me in touch with Albert Schweitzer, that wonderful thinker and humani-

tarian who makes any ordinary man like myself feel so small, so insignificant.

"His dedicated work for others, work that has made him almost a modern saint, made a strong impression on me, and I decided that one problem which few people seemed to be doing anything about was the aged.

"I began to keep a special file on anything I read about the serious plight of old people.

"Then, two years ago, I read an article in an American magazine, 'How to Retire on a Pittance,' which described how a man had built a string of hostels for old people on low incomes.

"I decided it would be better to wear out trying to help others than rust out helping nobody."

Mr. Klein did a lot more study and thinking before he talked his ideas over with an old friend, Mr. Walter Preston Winley, a building supply merchant, of Wollongong, who decided to join him as co-director in his project.

### "Hillview" ideal

Together they registered Klein Retirement Colleges and Services Pty. Ltd., of Shellharbour, on April 9 last, with a share capital of £25,000 divided into £1 shares, and decided to buy "Hillview."

"We looked at a lot of places," Mr. Klein says, "but decided that 'Hillview' was ideal for what we wanted.

"That is why I bid £33,500 for the property—£1500 below the Government's reserve price—why I agreed afterwards to pay the extra £1500, why I paid a deposit of £7000 to the Lands Department, and why I applied to the Minister for Lands for official approval.

"Our company is a private company, and the money we

"HILLVIEW," near Moss Vale, which was the country residence of New South Wales Governors for more than 70 years. The Government of Sir Henry Parkes bought the original homestead on about 30 acres of land for Governor Lord Augustus Loftus in 1881. Subsequently the property was extended to 153 acres, the house to 50 rooms.

need will be raised privately. That is already all arranged, but I can't discuss details.

"Apart from the purchase price, we will need at least another £10,000 to furnish and fit 'Hillview' properly.

"There is a lot of work to do, but we hope the property will be ready about six months after the purchase is approved."

### Working plan

Mr. Klein and Mr. Winley have so far worked out only the broad details.

"Our working plan is still in embryo form," Mr. Klein says, "but I would like to stress that 'Hillview' will be a hostel, not a hospital. Only healthy people, married and single, will be taken.

"We hope to start with about 60 people, and all people will need a sponsor.

"The hostel will be run on a co-operative basis, and residents who work about the place—in the gardens, waiting at table, things like that—will get a reduction in what they pay.

"Accommodation, which varies, will not be lower than £5 a week and not higher than £7.

"We had hoped to be able to charge less than this, but costs are so high, although later we may be able to reduce the charges.

"Residents will be encouraged to lead an active life, to take part in group activities. It is a place where I hope old people will grow older gracefully and happily."

And what will the hostel be called?

It may remain "Hillview." It may become the Emma Louisa Klein Hostel in honor of Mr. Klein's mother.

But this has not yet been decided.



THE GUEST BEDROOM at "Hillview." The house was last re-decorated during the residence of Lord Wakehurst and his family between 1937 and 1946.



THE STAIRWAY which leads to the upper story of the house is of sturdy cedar, now painted white.



THE DINING-ROOM, with its massive cedar dining table, could accommodate up to 20 guests at a meal.



EDWIN KLEIN, who wants to make "Hillview" a place where the aged can retire happily.



# Great shoemaker to visit here

Ferragamo, the world's most famous shoemaker, will arrive in Australia on September 19. We are bringing here this "Dior of shoes" for September-October shoe parades in leading stores in Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Melbourne.

RIGHT: Ferragamo fits a pair of evening shoes. He says comfort is the one important factor in buying shoes, that they must support the arch. "Do not imagine that you will break in shoes," he says. "They will break in your feet."



● The great shoemaker Salvatore Ferragamo is short, stocky, and just 60, and has had a "rags to riches" career.

AT the age of nine, the eleventh of 14 children of a poor, hard-working farming couple, he started work at the local cobbler's bench in the village of Bonito, near Naples.

His cobbler's bench is now housed in a famous old Florentine palace—the Palazzo Feroni-Spini—and people from all over the world come to buy his shoes.

Queen Elizabeth II included some in her wedding trousseau; the Queen of Greece, ex-Queen Soraya of Persia, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, the Duchess of Windsor—and the Duke, too—Mussolini, and Eva Peron have all worn Ferragamo shoes.

Greta Garbo, who walked into the Florence salon in a pair of worn rope sandals, left with 70 pairs.

Ferragamo himself is modest, and considers that his huge success has been due to the fact that his shoes make people feel they are "walking barefoot on soft sand or on a thick pile carpet."

Ferragamo made his first shoes at the age of nine, working in secret at night at a makeshift cobbler's bench in the kitchen of his parents' home.

They were a pair of little white canvas shoes for his sister to wear to her first communion. She should have worn the hand-me-downs of her elder sisters, but they were too small and she faced having to go barefoot to church.

His parents, poor as they were, had opposed his taking up shoemaking as a career because it was then considered a very low profession in Italy.

However, the little white shoes broke down their oppo-

sition, and young Salvatore started work for the village cobbler.

Three years later, after some "big-city" experience with a bootmaker in Naples, Ferragamo, aged 12, opened his own bootshop in Bonito, employing three assistants, all of them years older than their boss.

Hard times in pre-World War I Italy had sent several of his elder brothers off to seek their fortunes in America. At the age of 16 Salvatore followed them.

## "Perfect feet"

When they had settled in Santa Barbara, on the Californian coast, he persuaded the brothers to join him making shoes for the young film industry.

From making cowboy boots for Westerns he graduated to shoes for the stars.

Lottie Pickford, young actress sister of Mary Pickford, "the darling of the silent screen," was his first private customer. Mary came next with the "prettiest, best-shaped, and smallest" feet.

He added: "Except for their size—too tiny—I would call Mary's feet the most perfect in the world."

His first "wholesale" order

came from tempestuous star Pola Negri.

She wanted plain white satin court shoes, bought a dozen pairs at a time. Each time she got a new evening dress she sent a pair of the shoes to be dyed to match.

"Pola bought her shoes in quantity because she hated dirty shoes and had an aversion to cleaning them. She went through about four pairs a month and just threw them away."

Women weren't his only customers.

"Douglas Fairbanks, sen., liked to practise his Italian and eat salami. So he would come and talk to me while I made him boots to wear in 'The Thief of Bagdad'."

"And Valentino and I were two good Italians together. He would come and eat platefuls of spaghetti with me."

When the film industry transferred to Hollywood, Ferragamo opened his Hollywood Boot Shop.

In Hollywood he launched his first great innovation. Until then shoes had very pointed toes, and to make them different Ferragamo sliced off the toe to make the stubby French toe shoe.

"It was a hideous style," he admits now.



FERRAGAMO FAMILY outside his villa in the hills of Fiesole, above Florence. Ferragamo is 24 years older than his wife, formerly Wanda Miletti, a village mayor's daughter.

In 1927 Ferragamo left Hollywood to return to Italy, rich and successful.

Then his troubles started.

He solved a staff problem by establishing a school for young bootmakers in Florence, eventually building up a brisk export trade.

Then Mussolini came to power and all export was stopped. Ferragamo, left with thousands of pairs of shoes, was bankrupt.

As he was slowly rebuilding his business and paying off his debts, Mussolini started his Ethiopian war, and the raw materials for making good shoes went to the Army.

But from this scarcity Ferragamo invented two of his biggest successes.

One of the first materials which had disappeared was fine kidskin, and Salvatore couldn't find a substitute for gold and silver kid.

## Made of paper

One Sunday morning he bought a box of chocolates for his mother. He unwrapped a sweet for her and started idly playing with the transparent paper.

He pulled it. It didn't tear.

He twisted it. It was strong. Next day he dashed into the chocolate shop and bought mounds of the chocolate-wrapping paper from a startled assistant.

The paper, twisted round gold or silver threads, made marvellous evening "uppers."

His second wartime invention was the wedge sole.

Desperate because the high-tensile steel which had strengthened the arch and heels was no longer available, Ferragamo decided to fill in the space between heel and ball of the foot.

The only material he could find was a lump of cork. This he glued together in layers.

The "wedgie" was born.

Ferragamo's next problem was to talk women into wear-



THE PALACE THAT SHOES BOUGHT. Magnificent Palazzo Feroni-Spini, in Florence, owned by Ferragamo, who has his salon on the ground floor. He has salons also in Milan, Venice, Naples, and Rome, where one day the Queens of Spain, Belgium, Greece, Yugoslavia sat together.

ing them. He picked one of his smartest clients, Duchesa Visconte di Madrone, and showed her the wedgies.

"Signor Ferragamo," she protested, "you don't mean to tell me you designed this horrible thing."

He persuaded the Duchesa to wear them the next Sunday to church.

She wore a new tweed suit and her "horrible" wedgies, in brown suede and calfskin. Next day half the smart women in Florence were on Ferragamo's doorstep.

By the beginning of 1939 Salvatore Ferragamo was once again a great success.

But World War II ruined his business, and when he had to turn over his factory to

making Army boots Ferragamo had nothing to do.

His family—his mother and younger brothers and sisters had moved in with him—tried to persuade him to get married. So, with them all in tow, he went round Italy looking for a wife.

In his home village he found Wanda Miletti, 18.

The 42-year-old shoemaker and Wanda were married and he took her back to his villa in Florence. There their children were born—three girls and two boys.

And from there Ferragamo went again to America in 1947 to receive, with Christian Dior, Neiman-Marcus awards for "distinguished services to fashion."



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**Wide range of styles —  
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the one made for you**

**ELIZABETH** — in chenille for the first time, elasticised waist and cuffs. Two-button front with nipped-in waist. Lagoon Blue, Lipstick, Wild Rose, Crimson Glory, Red, Spring Green, New Blue. Sizes 12-18. £5/19/11. Prices subject to slight variation in some areas.

**ALISON**—luxurious swirl chenille with elasticised sleeves and dainty overwork. Lagoon Blue, Lipstick, Fresh Rose, Wild Rose, Sky Blue, Crimson Glory, New Blue, Gold, Spring Green, Red, Orchid. Sizes 12-18, 89/11; also in size 20—99/11.

**DIANA** — excitingly different in dramatic two-tone and contrast design. Flecked with black in either Wild Rose, Sky Blue, Lipstick, Lagoon Blue or Orchid. Sizes 12-18. Price £5, 12/6.

**BETTY** — team with ELIZABETH for mother-and-daughter fun. A smaller edition of the grown-up gown. Lagoon Blue, Lipstick, Wild Rose, Crimson Glory, Red, Spring Green, New Blue. Sizes 24-50 from 36/11.

NEW SLENDER LINE DESIGNS NOW ON SALE AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE!

Page 6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 7, 1958



# Monaco cheers Prince Albert



**HATLESS PRINCESS GRACE** acknowledged the cheering crowds as she held her infant son Prince Albert, Marquis de Baux, for his presentation to the people of Monaco from the palace balcony. Prince Rainier had in his arms 15-months-old Princess Caroline, who delighted the Monegasques by waving to them. Prince Albert, born on March 14, is heir to the principality. The day after his presentation he was christened with pomp and ceremony, like Caroline, in Monaco Cathedral. Ex-Queen Ena of Spain was a godmother.

● The Australian Women's Weekly has bought exclusive Australian rights to the only color pictures of Prince Albert, his parents, and sister, Princess Caroline, taken by Howell Conant, the Rainiers' photographer. They will appear shortly.



**SECTION** of the crowd who gathered beneath the flower-decorated palace balcony for Prince Albert's presentation. On the balcony were Monaco government and civic leaders, who personally acknowledged the young Prince.



# Expedition to an opal field

By FRED A YOUNG, staff reporter

● A party of seventy-nine gemmologists, geologists, students, and people who were just plain curious recently spent a long weekend fossicking at the Andamooka opal field, 400 miles north of Adelaide.

FOR most of them it was the first visit to an opal field, an introduction to an opal-miner's camp and life, and the first sight of the beautiful gem in its natural rock setting.

Two buses, a truck, and a utility took the expedition and its stores on the 15-hour journey from Adelaide.

At first glance Andamooka seems to have been thrown up

by an earthquake and then forgotten by Nature.

The country is undulating gibber, rough on your feet, rough to look at, and treeless, except for stunted myall and mulga near Opal Creek.

There are always clouds in the sky, but they seldom spill, and the country averages only three inches of rain a year.

For those who slept in the open there was a kind of magic in the silence of the night; not even the caw of a crow or the cry of a mopeke—there are no trees to house them.

But at the first sign of dawn the flies appear in millions. Out goes the magic and in go the people.

The Progress Association held a barbecue for the party, and a dance in its newly erected hall, at which local women wore their opal jewellery.

And, of course, at all times everyone talked about opals.

"Andamooka opal is the hardest and most durable of the Australian opals," Mr. "Snow" Bartram, well-known gem-cutter and a member of the party, told me.

"It flashes green, blue, orange, grey, and red, and has a slight edge on Coober Pedy opal in quality."

Another visitor, water-diviner Mrs. H. L. Leverington, of Strathalbyn, S.A., tried her skill at opal-divining with, she thought, some success.

## Dug-out homes

About 60 whites and 100 aborigines make up the population of Andamooka.

A few of the aborigines live in humpies, but most Andamookans prefer dug-out houses with only the roof and front above the ground.

This semi-underground design, with soil piled against walls, has proved most effective for coolness. The field's summer shade temperature sometimes hits 123 degrees.

Interiors of the homes vary, of course, with taste. I voted the Schultens', of Double Bay, N.S.W., the most artistic.

The ceiling is made of tightly packed bark-covered pine saplings, the supporting posts of stripped saplings, the walls of pink-and-blue painted hessian panels, and the modern cupboards of tea chests.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Dunstan, who spend their summers at Port Broughton, on St. Vincent Gulf, S.A., have built a sleep-out on their home.

"We used to farm, but I like this life better," said Mrs. Dunstan, who works an open-cut mine.

Only by chance were opals discovered on Andamooka sheep station.

In 1930 two dam-sinking contractors, Sam Brooks and



GOUGING OPAL (above) is cramped, dreary, though sometimes rewarding work. Mine-owner Jack Wicky showed the technique to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Kavanagh and their daughter Lynette.

PASTEL-TONED interior (right) of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schulten's dug-out home is contrasted by brown pine roof, flame-colored rugs.

BREAKFAST LINE-UP (below) with Czech chef Desmond in traditional hat. Hot meals were served three times a day. The party ate two sheep during the weekend. Max Farrer took the pictures.





# 'It's a wonderful feeling when you hit the glass'



**UNIVERSITY STUDENTS** on Andamooka expedition investigate one of numerous miners' dumps on Saddle Hill. They used geologists' picks to knock up specimens. From left: Ian Pontifex, Dick Cooper, and Noel Greenlade, who comes from Broken Hill.

Roy Shepherd, were amusing themselves throwing stones. Sam picked up a stone, saying, "This will beat yours."

But he had a second look, decided he had never seen a stone like it, and kept it.

It was later identified as a "floater," a stone from a seam opening on to the side of a hill or creek, which is usually the pointer to treasure.

While others pegged claims Sam Brooks waited 12 years.

Then, from one claim he got opal worth £1100, but on another worked nine months for £5. Opal-mining is like that.

Hungarian Louis Bartos showed me, on Lunatic Hill, 26 holes he had dug, none less than 27 feet deep.

He has what he calls "The Queen of Andamooka," a ten-inch stone estimated to be worth up to £5000. He keeps

it in a bank safe in Adelaide.

"It's a wonderful feeling when you hear your pick strike what sounds like glass," he said.

Near the dug-out post office is the store of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Schneider, a Swiss couple.

When they built their dug-out, Mrs. Schneider sewed 500 wheat bags together and made a roof, four layers thick. This she covered with a layer of ashes and mutton fat.



"I was always worried about fire," she said, "so as soon as we were able to do so we put on an iron roof."

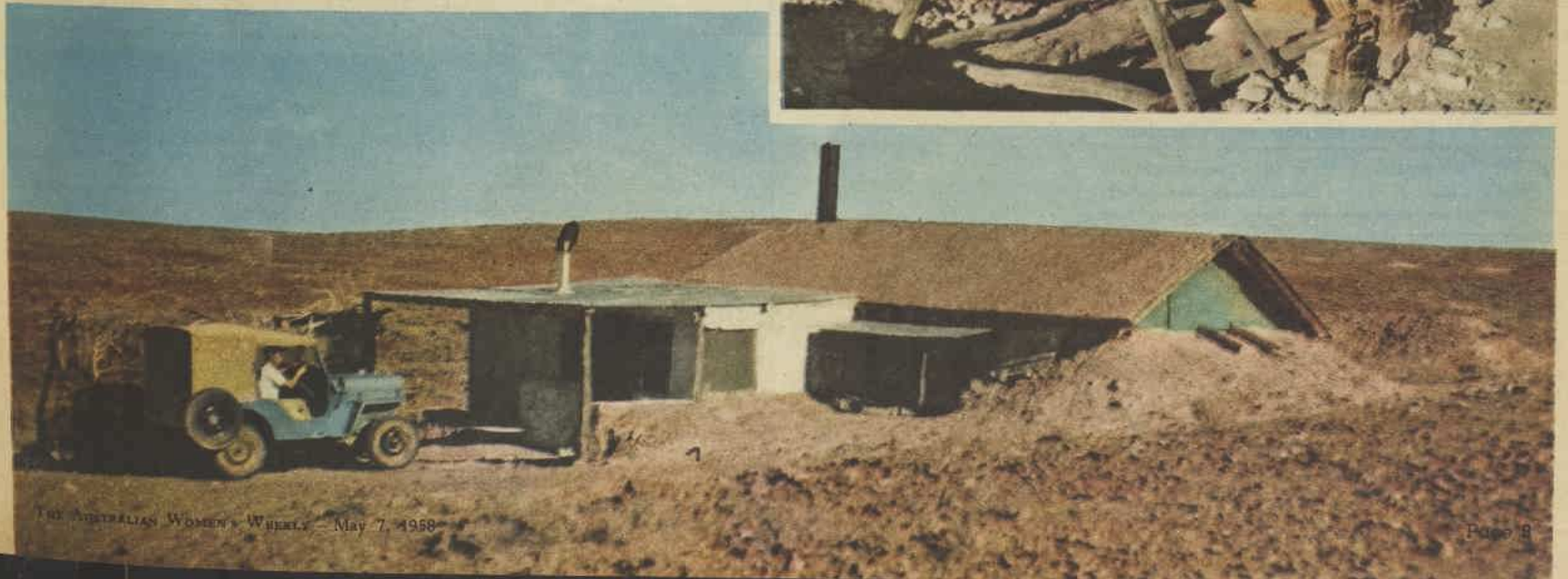
Andamooka's serious water problem was recently solved by the installation of a 4000-gallon-a-day bore.

A new school has been built, and there are weekly dances at which whites and aborigines take part.

**OPAL JEWELLERY** (left), cut and polished by the local postmaster, Dick Clarke, and then presented to his wife.

**AMERICAN** Fulbright scholar Dick La Ganza (right) and Neil Dixon examine Treloar's Hill mine.

**WOMEN** on the expedition stayed at the dug-out home (below) of Hungarian local Louis Bartos. The building took sixteen weeks to erect.





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while it cleans . . .

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and stores.

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-  
Pond's International Ltd.

C785

FATHER



"Oh, Oh! What have you been making!"

MOTHER



"He's the living image of you!"

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

YOU need not be a  
Dickens reader to ap-  
preciate Emlyn Williams  
in his magnificent solo  
performance of scenes from  
Dickens' works.

But if you are already a  
fan you can enjoy the satis-  
faction of saying "I told you  
so" to those who are newly  
delighted by the wit and force  
of Dickens' writing.

In all fairness to the non-  
Dickensians I must admit that  
Emlyn Williams himself  
thinks that many of the books  
could do with abridging for  
modern readers.

"You must remember," he told me when I  
met him in Sydney last week after his show,  
"that Dickens was writing in fortnightly parts.  
He had the problem of radio serial writers  
today. Sometimes he padded."

As an old-established fan—one who likes  
the thundering, the elaborations, and the sobs  
just as well as the humor—I'd rather swallow  
the books as they were written.

But for the stage the Williams adaptations  
are a superb job of cutting and tacking, as  
many people have found by turning back to  
the books.

"And nobody ever complains," he said.

"For instance, when I do Bob Sawyer's  
bachelor party I use some of the descriptions  
of the characters as given in earlier chapters of  
'Pickwick Papers'.

"Dickens didn't need to do this when he  
gave his readings.

"He had audiences who were as familiar with  
his characters as people are today with comic  
strips."

FROM the moment Williams walks on the  
stage dressed as Dickens and, eyeing the  
audience with a confident Dickensian glare,  
deliberately tugs off his white gloves, he has a  
packed house with him.

The Dickens outfit comprises a dark Vic-  
torian suit, elastic-sided boots, a full set of  
whiskers, and a replica of the geranium that  
Dickens wore in his lapel.

Mr. Williams carries spares, of course.

"Four beards, four moustaches, an extra suit,  
and a couple of emergency artificial geraniums.

"No. Only one pair of gloves. They don't  
get much wear because I take them off as  
soon as I appear."

AS a celebrated playwright and actor with  
a reputation made long before the Dickens  
venture, Emlyn Williams is known wherever he  
goes. As a Welshman, he is in demand by  
the Welsh societies, and he is regularly asked  
to address Dickensian societies.

Apropos of Dickensian societies, he tells a  
story about a secretary in England who com-  
plained that nowadays it is hard to get young  
people to join.

"We find this elderly membership a diffi-  
culty when staging scenes," explained the sec-  
retary. "We wish we could get some young  
people interested to play the young roles.  
Indeed, the last time we did scenes from  
'Dombey and Son' we had trouble in casting  
little Paul Dombey. We finally had to use our  
youngest member, who is 45."

LAST week I was sent  
a record titled "I  
Can Hear It Now," de-  
scribed as a "chronicle of  
the years of crisis and the  
war, 1933 to 1945," with  
Edward Murrow as nar-  
rator.

Nobody old enough to re-  
member the war years could  
listen to this record without  
emotion. You hear the voices  
of Chamberlain, Churchill,  
Hitler, Mussolini, Roosevelt,  
among others.

It includes some of the  
Duke of Windsor's abdication  
speech and that famous de-  
scription of the Hindenburg disaster. (The  
German zeppelin Hindenburg burst into flames  
at its mooring at Lakehurst, New Jersey, on  
May 6, 1937.)

Children of the present day and those of the  
future should never find history dull, with  
records and films to supplement books.

Whether such facilities will cause nations  
not to repeat mistakes engendered by emotion  
and oratory is, of course, quite another thing.

A BRITISH ARMY officer, Major  
Reginald Hargreaves, blames  
mothers for what he calls "the deplora-  
ble lack of moral fibre" in the modern  
British soldier.

Soldiers have always had mothers. They  
will probably continue to have mothers. The  
problem appears insoluble unless scientists  
make a remarkable advance.

AT Madame Tussaud's waxworks,  
London, actor Alan Ladd, actress  
Greer Garson, tennis player Jaroslav  
Drobny, and mile runner Roger Ban-  
nister have been melted down to make  
way for the Chancellor of the Exchequer,  
Mr. D. Heathcoat-Amory.

The path of glory leads to Madame  
Tussaud's,

And there, with Hitler's effigy and  
Mussolini's,

And sundry other rogues, and many a  
nob,

The famous pass the judgment of the  
mob.

Some stand the test of time and public  
favor,

Their exploits never lose their piquant  
flavor,

And these, it's sad to say, are mostly  
rogues,

The virtuous must bow to passing vogues.

Sad for the actor, athlete, politician,  
To know how tenuous is their position,  
For, shadowing their present-day renown  
Lies the dread thought of being melted  
down.





Prestige



I'se helping mummy-

Prestige

A limited number of special reproductions from the original artwork is available on application to Prestige Limited, 257 Donald Street, East Brunswick, Victoria.

Please show clearly your name and full address (including State) and endorse the envelope "Mother's Day".



Really  
beautiful  
—even close-up



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flowers  
FACE  
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brings new soft loveliness to every complexion!

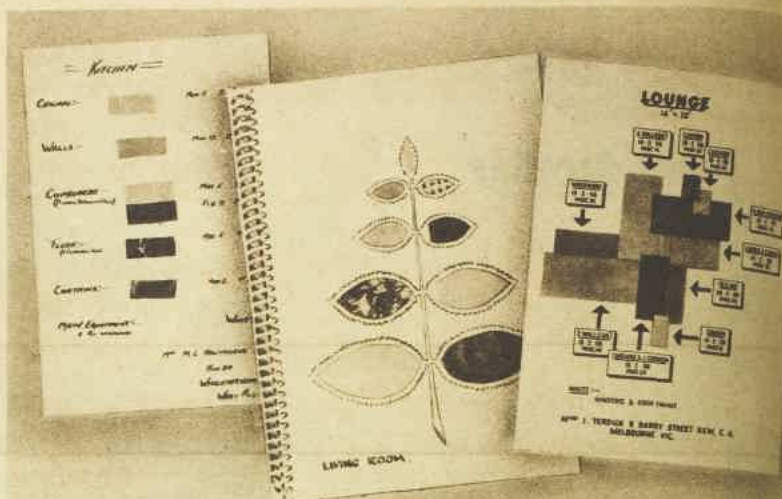
WONDERFUL, finely textured Three Flowers Face Powder smooths on so evenly, it blends perfectly with your skin tones . . . keeps your skin satin-smooth for hours. It is the lightest powder you can imagine . . . so soft, so fine, it brings to your complexion a delicate, clinging veil of loveliness

that covers tiny skin flaws, glorifies your own tonings . . . gives you a new, irresistible radiance! And Three Flowers is fragrant with the perfume of the Rose, Violet and Lily of the Valley. Seven lovely shades: Rachel, Dark Rachel, Tan Rachel, Peach, Naturelle, Cream Beige and Champagne, 4/11

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER FACE POWDER

—AT ANY PRICE!

## Entries pour in



## Girl's dream home in color

● A young girl, engaged to be married but with little prospect of having her own home for many years, last week designed her dream home.

HER inspiration was The Australian Women's Weekly £1500 Color Scheme Contest.

"This wonderful competition gave me an excuse to sit down and plan a home in detail, just as I would like it," she wrote to us.

"Even if my color scheme entry doesn't make the grade, I've had loads of fun doing it."

And if it does—it could help

transform her dream home into reality.

The Color Scheme Contest has aroused tremendous interest, with entries from most parts of Australia and New Zealand.

The wonderful prizes and the universal appeal of decorating a home make the contest one of the most attractive we have run.

On this page are some of the entries sent in since the contest began ten weeks ago.

Some are cleverly and elaborately presented; others are very simple.

The winning entry may quite well be one clearly set out with just the essentials—it's the color scheme that counts.

This week's prizewinning entry comes from Western Australia; it was sent in by Mrs. R. D. Adams, Bluff Point, via Geraldton, W.A.

Send in YOUR entry now.

## More candidates enter "Bride" Quest

● Has YOUR town or suburb a candidate in the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest?

EVERY community should be proud to be represented in this wonderful contest to aid the Australian Red Cross Society.

Candidates who have already entered the Quest come from city suburbs, country towns and districts thousands of miles apart in South Australia, Victoria, Australian Capital Territory, New South

Wales, Queensland, and the Northern Territory.

As yet there are no "Bride" contestants from Tasmania or Western Australia.

Prizes for the "Bride of the Year"—the candidate who raises the most money for Red Cross—are a honeymoon trip around the world by Qantas Super G Constellation and £1000 spending money given by Ampol Petroleum Ltd.

Eight other prizes—luxury holidays for two as guests of the Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce on Queensland's Gold Coast—will be won by the eight girls (except the first prize winner) who raise the greatest sum of money in each State, the A.C.T., and the Northern Territory.

Any girl who is a natural-born or naturalised Australian or a British subject resident in Australia, married between June 1, 1957, and June 1, 1958, can enter the Quest.

The Quest ends on June 30.

Latest candidates to enter are Mrs. Ramon Arrow, of Bathurst, N.S.W., and Mrs. John McDonald, of Ipswich, Qld.

For entry forms and all inquiries write to the Red Cross in your State.



"BRIDE" candidate Mrs. Ramon Arrow, who comes from Bathurst, N.S.W., the oldest inland city in Australia. Picture by Howlett Studios, Bathurst, after her wedding last March.

Here are the addresses: N.S.W. Division: Red Cross House, 27 Jamison St., Sydney.

Vic. Division: 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

Qld. Division: 409 Adelaide St., Brisbane.

S.A. Division: 8-12 Stephen Place, Adelaide.

Tas. Division: 53 Collins St., Hobart.

A.C.T. Division: P.O. Box 82, G.P.O., Canberra.

N.T. Division: P.O. Box 81, Darwin.

W.A.: Address all correspondence to Red Cross National Headquarters, 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.



PRETTY Mrs. John McDonald is Queensland's latest entrant. Married last December, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald are building their home at Booval, Ipswich. Picture by F. A. Whitehead, Ipswich.







STYLED TO KEEP YOU

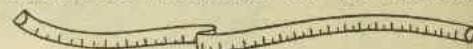
*So beautifully warm!*

—and, more important, so warmly beautiful—the only knitwear in Australia to have won Australian Wool Bureau First Prize Fashion Awards *every* year since the inception of the Awards!

The only knitwear, too, that's both PERMA-SIZED and MOTHPROOFED FOR LIFE with Mitin.



NOTHING MEASURES UP TO WOOL!



This season, step out in **STYLE . . .**  
in prizewinning

*Harro*  
**TOP QUALITY KNITWEAR**



Selling **NOW**—at good stores everywhere!





NEW VICE-CONSUL for Denmark, Jorgen Hansen-Soverupgard, with Mrs. Marinus Okkerse and Mrs. Henning Hergel at the cocktail party for 40 guests given by Mr. Henning Hergel, the Consul-General for Denmark.



OPPORTUNITY SHOP PARADE. Mrs. Charles Warne models a pretty silk taffeta evening dress at the lunch-hour parade held in Rowe Street to raise funds for the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten. Six members of the Peter Pan committee acted as models for the parade.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**T**HERE will be a "house-full" sign outside practically every home in the Forbes district this week with house-guests arriving by the dozen for the Picnic Races on Friday, May 2.

President of the Picnic Race Club, Mr. Jim Hall, of "Walla Wallah," tells me that the committee hopes this year's Picnics will be the best ever — and there is certainly a non-stop round of parties lined up for young and old alike.

Eight of Forbes' most popular hostesses — Mesdames K. Wolridge, James Hammond, A. F. Low, "Blue" O'Neil, J. R. Payten, W. R. Ridley, Stan Tout, and Jim Hall — will give their usual luncheon at the showground before the races.

Then in the evening is the

gala ball in the Forbes Town Hall, and the following night a wool-shed dance out at the George Thorntons' property, "Wowingragong."

Among the young people visiting the district will be Mary Tancred, who will stay with the Wilsons at "Droung-albie," Ross and Phillip Last, from Cootamundra, Mary Carr and Belinda Morgan Jones, from Palm Beach, who will be among the house-guests of Robert and Tony Hall at "Walla Wallah."



**PHYSIOTHERAPIST** Shirley Branagan, of Rose Bay, and her fiance, Dr. John Ham, who are both on the staff of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, have chosen May 31 for their wedding at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay. They have found a tiny flat at Bellevue Hill and will move in after the wedding. She is the daughter of the Maurice Branagans, of Melbourne, and John is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Harold Ham, of Point Piper.

**SACK** races, egg-and-spoon races and lucky dips will all be on the programme for the Gold Diggers' Picnic at the Trocadero on Thursday, May 1. Everyone will bring their own picnic hamper for this informal party to raise funds for the William Morris Hughes Memorial Cottages appeal.

**A** NEW home in Northern Ireland for Commander Michael Badham, R.N., and his wife (formerly Annabelle Sweetapple, of Double Bay), and two-year-old Miranda, who have had to cancel their trip to Australia planned for July. Like her artist mother, Dora Sweetapple, Annabelle paints and sketches—and writes home that she found some wonderful subjects during a recent caravan trip down the West Coast. Her brother, Dr. Bill Sweetapple, is on the staff of a London hospital and also in London is her cousin, Mrs. Peter Broughton (formerly Deidre Hall Best), and her husband, another doctor.

**DANCING** at the Lewisham Hospital younger set's fifth birthday ball at the Hotel Australia are Rosemary Gwyther and John Ryan. Rosemary chose a mushroom-pink taffeta dress.

**VAL** and Denis White, of "Havilah," Mudgee, will christen their baby son Nigel Denis. Mrs. White was formerly Val Horn, of Edgecliff, and Nigel is the first grandchild for her parents, Commander and Mrs. John Horn.

**FIRST** visit to Queensland's Central West for the State Governor, Sir Henry Abel Smith, his wife, Lady May, and their daughter Elizabeth — they will visit Longreach for the annual show, which Sir Henry will open on May 7. The Vice-Regal party will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Barton at their sheep station, driving into town for a debutante ball on the 8th and then the Longreach Jockey Club's meeting on May 9.

**THEY'RE** engaged . . . Jan Mallard, of Bankstown, to Hal Furner, youngest son of the G. E. Furners, of Lewisham. Jan is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Mallard . . . a June wedding for Margaret Gilligan and her fiance, Lionel White, of Newmarket, Brisbane. Margaret is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gilligan, of Parramatta . . . Roma Walters, of "Inverness," Elong, to Cedric Powrie.



**TRIO OF GUESTS** at the Eastern Suburbs younger set dance to aid the Crippled Children were, from left, Mary Kippenberger, of Wellington, New Zealand, and her Canadian escort, Garry Weston, talking to committee member Simone Pirene. The dance was held at Prince's.



**THE BRIDAL WALTZ.** Ken Parker and his bride dancing at their wedding reception in Orange. Mrs. Parker was formerly Judy Brazier, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Brazier, of "Binouee," Euchareena. The newlyweds will live in Orange on their return from a honeymoon.



**WED AT ST. PHILIP'S.** Eric Barbour and his bride, formerly Philippa Pownall, of Longueville, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill. Eric is the only son of Mrs. W. J. Smith, of Point Piper, and the late Dr. Eric Barbour.



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'cos they're for you Mummy"



Choose her present from among the loveliest and longest-lasting stockings ever made!



**HILTON ELATION**  
The 15 denier stocking  
most wanted  
by most women.  
**12/11**



**HILTON WALTZ DREAM  
TWIN THREAD**  
For the woman who knows  
two threads wear better than one!  
**11/9**



**HILTON WALTZ DREAM  
STRETCH**  
For the woman who loves the  
special fit you get with sheer stretch.  
**14/11**



**HILTON FANFARE**  
If she prefers  
the look and wear of mesh  
she'll adore these.  
**13/11**



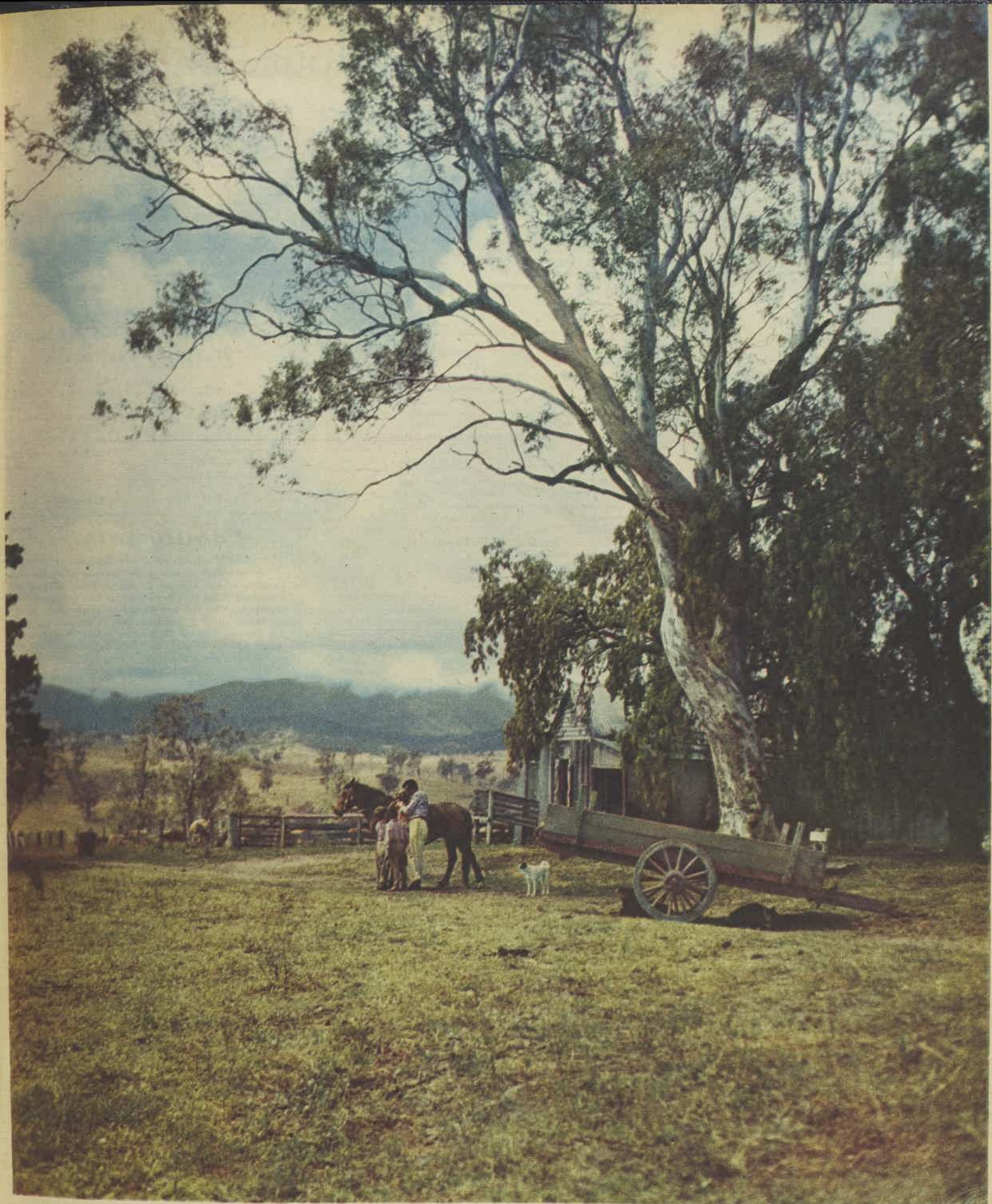
**HILTON CUSHION SOLE**  
If she likes comfort with glamour—  
these have the soft comfy sole.  
**14/6**



**HILTON FRENCH 75's**  
The luxury stockings she might  
hesitate to spoil herself with!  
Pamper her!  
**19/6**

(Prices may vary in some States)





## THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

It's May again, and May means the first long holidays of the school year to Australian children. Along the greater part of the coast all but a few hardy souls find the water too cold now for swimming, and the May holidays are best in the country, where the air is fresh and crisp. Country children at city boarding schools go home with relief to the wide open spaces; some from country towns holiday on nearby farms.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	1	2	3	...
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
...	...	...	...	...	...	...

Luckiest of all are young city folk who have relatives and friends to stay with "in the bush." To these boys and girls helping with the sheep, riding on the tractor, or even going up to the road to meet the mailman are thrills. Sydney photographer Laurence Le Guay took this charming scene of a man, a horse, and two young admirers under a giant gum at Candelo, near the New South Wales-Victorian border.





## YEAR-IN, YEAR-OUT she'll bless the day you gave her Finlay's sheets

You give her the pleasure of "luxury sleeping" year in, year out... when you give her FINLAY'S SHEETS. So smooth, so cool and fresh... it feels wonderful to slide down between those Finlay's Sheets at bedtime... then to wake in the morning, refreshed and smiling. More wonderful still when you give her Finlay's Sheets in the sparkling decorator colours—with pillow cases to match!



NOTICE how close and firm the weave... there's strength in every fibre. No wonder Finlay's Sheets give such wonderful wear.



HERE'S where quality tells! Finlay's Sheets keep their fresh "new" look... even after countless months of wear and washing.



Six sparkling decorator colours... primrose, apricot, rose, dark rose, blue, nil green—and snowy white.

It's an old Scottish custom to date your Finlay's Sheets to see how long they wear!

## Finlay's sheets

woven and bleached in the Scottish Highlands to give YEARS of luxury sleeping!

## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I HAVE noticed there are radio sessions for New Australians learning English. When will there be sessions for Australians wanting to learn another language? It would help migrants who are starting a new life in a new country if some of the people with whom they are to live could explain customs and language to them and to whom they could pour out their little troubles. There is another side to it, too. People like myself, who are married to a person from another land, are naturally interested in their partner's language, but find it difficult to learn if that partner has not a good knowledge of English.

£1/1/- to Mrs. van den Hoek, 177 Albert St., Sebastopol, Vic.

I AM appealing to readers on behalf of our Cook Islands Training School band. They have only about one dozen instruments, and more are very badly needed. As the average wage is £10 per month, it is almost impossible for them to buy their own instruments. If anyone has old and/or unused instruments in his home, they would be received here with heartfelt gratitude by our students.

Sent in by Mrs. Joan Gotts, Box 31, Raratonga, Cook Islands.

HOLIDAYING in Sydney a short while ago, I was one of many people on a tram who turned and stared in disapproval when a loudly dressed youth got on. He had the lot—long hair and jacket, drainpipe trousers, and a loud check shirt. In addition he was carrying a beautiful bunch of red and pink roses. He sat down beside an old lady, who remarked how beautiful his flowers were. He smiled at her, dropped the flowers in her lap, and was off the tram at the next stop, leaving us all to reconsider our first impressions.

10/6 to Miss J. Bullerwell, 11 Barena St., Mayfield, N.S.W.

MANY women have been charged recently, like criminals, for default of time payment. It is time that laws were made to protect these women from themselves. They are foolish, not criminal. Often a wife paying off goods from her wages finds that through family illness or other unforeseen circumstances she cannot work any longer. The amount allowable on time-payment loans should therefore be assessed at a reasonable fraction of the breadwinner's wage. In this way both purchasers and time-payment organisations would be protected.

10/6 to Mrs. Vivienne Short, R.M.B. 1003B, Bungarribee Rd., Blacktown, N.S.W.

HAVING had occasion recently to make lay-by payments at one of our large stores, I thought how much better it would be if these departments were situated on the ground rather than the fifth or sixth floor. It would make payments so much easier for people with limited shopping time, elderly folk, and mothers with young children.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Turner, 57 Hurst St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

THE sharp upsurge of the accident rate in this country makes me marvel afresh at one glaring inconsistency in our laws. Why is a man who is considered to have passed the age of earning capacity considered still capable of driving a car? If at 65 a man has slowed down so much that he is incapable of office work, teaching, and such jobs, he is surely quite incapable of the swift thinking and judgment needed to avert car accidents.

10/6 to Mrs. Leila Watson, 188 High St., Bendigo, Vic.

### Hospital Visitors

IN reply to "Nursing Sister" in a recent issue re visitors to hospitals, I think it is up to the patients themselves to tell their visitors not to come. I have just had a stay in hospital and I particularly asked my friends not to come and see me, as I knew I would get keyed up expecting them. I was happy to see them at the convalescent home, where they helped the monotony of recovery. Hospitals state two visitors to each bed, but do not enforce it. The next-of-kin is the only one who should be allowed in for at least three days after an operation.

10/6 to "Rachel" (name supplied), Lidcombe, N.S.W.

### Family affairs

MY husband's ability to be anywhere but at the table at mealtime nearly made me tear my hair out. Usually he was closeted in his workshop with a job that couldn't be left. Remembering that child-guidance experts say that children should be given ample warning before being called from play, I decided to apply this theory. Ten to 15 minutes before dishing up I would give a warning. If it was inconvenient for my husband to come at that time, I found no great difficulty in delaying the meal, provided the delay wasn't too long. This has worked for several years. I no longer feel frustrated by a succession of spoilt dinners, my husband's conscience is no longer guilt-ridden, and it has also relieved mealtime tension, which can ruin a meal quicker than overcooking.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Abbey, P.O. Box 11, Moonah, Tas.

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

PEOPLE who sell foundation garments have access to a great deal of under-cover information about women.

They used to keep a discreet silence on the secrets of the trade. But lately they have shown a regrettable tendency to tattle.

One company, for example, declared that the Average Australian Woman's measurements are 34½-28½-39.

That news is not going to make anyone throw his hat in the air.

It sounds as if the Average Australian Woman dedicates herself to the pursuit of hippiness.

Still more disturbing is a claim made by a lady corset expert.

She says that by looking at a young woman she can forecast what her figure will be like in 20 years' time.

If a girl has a slight bulge it shows this stern prophetess the place where she will get fat.

On the other hand, a bony spot may be a sinister omen that she will become skinny.

There is no chance at all that she will stay as sweet as she is.

### 20 YEARS ON, or WHATEVER WILL BE WILL BE

Of all the types of person who peer into the future, the figure forecaster seems to me the most cheerless.

She might be compared to a fortune-teller who looks in a girl's tea-cup and says: "I can see a short,



stout, ugly man. Something unexciting is going to happen to you."

Will figure-forecasting become a popular cult like palm-reading or astrology?

It doesn't seem very likely, but you can't be sure. People go for such queer things.

Perhaps the time will yet come when a sign proclaims: "Madame Torsoni, the Corset Cassandra—Curvyvant and Shapeseer—Figure Forecasts While U Wait."

I can picture a pretty young woman sitting anxiously with her husband in Madame Torsoni's waiting-room.

"It may seem silly, Aub," she says, "but I've just got to know what I'll be like when I'm Mummy's age."

An attendant in a wizard's robe beckons her into the consulting room.

Madame Torsoni does not pull her punches.

Soon the lovely customer comes out blubbing unrestrainedly.

"She s-s-says I'm going to be even f-fatter than M-M-Mummy!"

Her husband tries to cheer her up, saying: "Don't worry, Darleen. I'll be fat, too, by then."

But there is a haunted look in his eyes.

No, I don't think figure-forecasting will add anything to human happiness.

Women should remember the old saying—you shouldn't try to jump your girdles till you come to them.



**By Elizabeth  
Kempton  
Winslow**

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4818491>



for **COLOURS**

for **SMARTNESS**

for **STYLE**

insist on  
**HANDKERCHIEFS**  
made by

**NILE**

*For "Her"* NILE ... Coloured borders, fancy checks, coloured grounds ... 2/- ea.; 1-doz. box, 6/-.  
NILE FLORA ... Huge range of latest prints, gaily coloured ... 1/6 ea.  
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NILE Initialled ... Famous Nile White Handkerchiefs with Blue initial, 3/9 ea. Coloured Nile Handkerchiefs with coloured initial, 4/3 ea.  
NILE "JUNIOR"—for boys—coloured designs—2/- ea.



# AUNT HELEN

Final instalment  
of our dramatic  
two-part murder-  
mystery serial.

By **EDITH  
PARGETER**

THE fifteen-year-old marriage of PHILIP and HELEN GREVILLE has been an ideal one. Helen, a talented, ethereal beauty, has watched happily the transformation of the handsome, reckless, gay Philip into a domesticated but successful writer of scholarly thrillers. She herself is the focus of the household at their elegant home, Hugonin's Mill, where they live with BILL GRANT, Philip's nephew, and MARGARET GREVILLE, his devoted sister. Bill is momentarily angry with his uncle, because he refuses to let him have any of his inherited money to put into a business in Canada, but Bill hopes to enlist Helen's help.

Further discussions about the money are forestalled by the arrival of two guests for the Easter weekend, ESTELLE RENAUD, an old sweetheart of Philip's, and her rich husband, GERARD. Estelle is deter-

mined to win back Philip's affections, but her husband tells her he is not blind to what she wants to do.

The night before Good Friday, when they are joined by the Rector, MR. CLIVE, his stepdaughter RACHEL PHARAMOND, and DR. BENSON, the talk at the dinner table is on murder, and Philip startles everyone by saying anyone can commit a murder if he has sufficient patience and nerve—and he himself could easily be murdered by someone closely aware of his daily routine. He points out that his coffee is left every night outside his study door and poison could easily be slipped into it.

The next day Helen goes to London to sing on a TV programme, and that night after watching her performance all go off to their rooms, Margaret leaving Philip's tray as usual outside his door. In the morning she finds him dead. NOW READ ON:

BILL knelt down by Philip's bed and held the mirror from the dressing-table to the half-open lips, but it remained clear of any hopeful trace of mist. He touched the grey forehead, smoothed now of the troubling lines of thought, and drew back his fingers with a shiver from the coldness of the skin.

Philip lay on his back, his face uplifted to the morning light, his arms relaxed and easy in the folds of the sheets. He looked young and aloof and ironical, wearing still the half-smile with which he had fallen asleep.

"Is he dead?" Margaret asked in a whisper. But she knew; she had known from the first moment. Never could Philip have looked like that alive, whether waking or asleep.

Bill said: "Yes." The word was almost inaudible, as though shock had done something to his vocal cords. He cleared his throat laboriously, and slowly stood up. In the act he accomplished several stages of the transition into manhood, though all he understood of it was that the weight of events had suddenly come down upon his shoulders, and that instinctively he braced himself to receive the load. There was no time to avoid it, no opportunity to deflect it on to somebody else. There was nobody else, except Margaret, and she was hovering at his back, still half-stunned with shock and surprisingly helpless when confronted with the unforeseen, she whose daily routine ran on well-regulated tracks like a train.

"But it isn't possible! How could he die? Why should he? There was nothing the matter with him. His heart was sound as a bell. People don't just die in the night for no reason."

"I don't know, Aunt Margaret, I don't know any more than you do. We shall have to call Dr. Benson." He had to make an intense effort to remember the steps which had

to be taken after a sudden death, but this at least was certain and urgent. The doctor who had been in attendance in the household must be called in at once, and he would give a death certificate. Or, of course, refuse one! There might have to be an inquest!

Indeed, now that he had thought of that possibility he saw that it was very likely in these circumstances. But only Dr. Benson could decide. He took Margaret by the arm, very gently, and led her out of the room and into Philip's study next door, and put her into a chair. The stunned and motionless look was still on her face, and her hands, when he took them in his, were stiff and cold.

"Darling, I'm going to get you a drink whether you like the stuff or not. Don't try to think or move or do anything yet—you've had a bad shock. Just sit here till I come back; I'll see to everything."

Perhaps it was the wrong treatment. Perhaps he was taking away from Margaret, by thus assuming responsibility, the very thing she most needed, the necessity of coping with events. But she looked so helpless and witless that he couldn't spare time to rouse her yet; he would have to get on with it himself. There was the doctor, first of all—and what followed would depend on him.

And there was Helen's train, drawing steadily nearer to the station, and no one to meet her. He couldn't possibly leave here now. Renaud might quite well be asked to meet the train, but Renaud was out walking somewhere, and Bill didn't know where and hadn't time to hunt for him. Perhaps the rector would go. Helen—Helen—At the thought of her his emotions, which had been in a state of suspended animation since the terrible thing happened, started into vehement and painful life again.

Poor Helen, he thought wildly, poor Philip, the two figures

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moving in and out in a tragic dance in his mind. He couldn't bear the thought of the rector breaking the news to her. But who else was there? And it was unthinkable that she should be left unmet, wondering what had happened, driving in anxiously by taxi to find her husband dead and her household in chaos.

Dr. Benson answered the telephone from his surgery. Bill poured out the naked facts without finesse; there was no time for softening blows, especially for the benefit of this tough old professional, even if he had known Philip for fifteen years and been in a very real measure his friend.

"Can you come over as soon as possible? Don't leave anyone who really needs you because there isn't anything you can do for Uncle Philip—but do come as soon as you can. He's dead! He didn't come down this morning, and Aunt Margaret went up to wake him and found him dead in bed. He looks as if he was quite fast asleep when he died, and never knew anything about it. No, we haven't touched anything. No, there's no doubt at all. He's cold!"

Bill heard his own voice split in two and gulped down determinedly the constriction in his throat. "Margaret might need a sedative—she's badly shaken. I'm going to dope her with brandy."

"Don't overdo it," said Dr. Benson briefly. "I'll be there inside ten minutes."

Bill pushed the receiver rest for a moment and dialled the rectory number. He still didn't like the idea, but he had no choice; and Helen, after all, in her charitable innocence, had the best of opinions of the rector, without any of the slight reservations the rest of the household felt about him. Tact without warmth seemed to Bill an offence, but it might have its uses. He braced himself to meet the inevitable condolences as gracefully as he could.

But it was not the rector who answered; it was Rachel Pharamond. Bill had never expected to feel such relief at the sound of that fresh, incisive young voice.

"Oh, Rachel, thank God it's you! Will you do us a great favor? It's frightfully urgent. I was to have met Helen's

train at ten, and now something ghastly has happened, and I can't leave here, and she mustn't, simply mustn't, be left to come home alone and find out what's happened without any warning. It's Philip—we found him dead in bed ten minutes ago. The doctor's on his way over now."

"Wait a minute—it must be the line!—I thought you said Philip was dead!"

"He is! Aunt Margaret found him. He must have died in his sleep. I know—we can't believe in it either. But there isn't any doubt about it."

"Philip!" said Rachel on a great, exhaled breath. "Oh, Bill, I'm so sorry. I liked him so much! Yes, I'll go for Helen, of course! There's time—I'll be there before the train gets in, don't worry."

How prompt she was in decisions and how blessedly brief in giving voice to sympathy. She almost rang off before he could call her back in sudden agitation: "Rachel—don't tell her he's dead! Please! If you could just prepare her a little—say I rang up and asked you to come—say there's something wrong, and I couldn't come myself, but don't—I'd rather—"

"That's all right," said Rachel. "You shall break the news to her yourself. I'm just a stand-in for the journey. Good-bye, Bill!"

She was gone. He was amazed at the feeling of gratitude he had for her directness and the absolute reliance he found himself placing in her. He went back at once to Margaret and coaxed and compelled her into swallowing the brandy he had brought for her. It quickened color in her cheeks again and made her shudder and grimace, which at least was better than that blank, fixed look of shock. She began to look round uneasily, convinced that in this or any crisis she ought to be hard at work, doing with competence whatever had to be done.

"Dr. Benson's on his way. There's nothing we can do until he comes, except perhaps tell the Renauds what's happened."

"And there's poor Helen just coming home—Oh, dear, we'd forgotten her! How can we tell her? They adored each other so! And there's nobody to meet her, even!"

**Bill and Rachel heard Helen say gently to Dr. Benson: "I really think it's all over, although I suppose we may hear from the police from time to time."**

Margaret's tears brimmed over, and whether they were for Helen or for Philip was something Bill could not guess. He put his arm round her shoulders and hugged her for a moment, applying a technique of comfort which had gone out with his childhood, but might have its uses yet.

"It's all right, Aunt Meg, there'll be somebody to meet her. Rachel is going. I just telephoned her. Won't you go down now and take care of Mrs. Renaud if she's put in an appearance? Things have got to go on, you know, for Helen's sake—for all our sakes. I'll stay here with Uncle Philip till the doctor comes."

"Poor Bill," said Margaret, wiping her eyes, "it's just as awful for you. It's as if the ground had opened under the house. He was so very alive!"

She rose, however, with some of her old briskness, and, looking round with eyes still slightly dazed, observed the evidences of her brother's last preoccupations. On his desk the unfinished proof was pushed aside to make room for a pile of gramophone records, and the player still stood open on its cabinet. Beside the records, on a corner of the desk, lay the coffee tray, the bottom of the single cup dark with grounds.

"I may as well take that down, I suppose, she said sadly, and stretched out her hands to pick it up. Bill checked her with a hand on her arm, hardly yet realising himself the significance of what he did.

"No, leave it. We ought not to touch anything yet. We don't know—"

He stopped, his eyes suddenly fixed in appalled remembrance on the black ceramic pot. He heard Philip's thoughtful, dispassionate voice lecturing on the psychology of successful murder, saying with deliberation: "All you need to kill

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## A short short story by CHRISTOPHER GREY

THE most outstanding memory of my early life is the violent change that occurred in our family's circumstances when I was about twelve. I lived with an uncle and aunt, and though we were not poor their small holding required careful managing so that we could snatch a meagre living. Then suddenly we were very rich.

My aunt managed the farm. She managed my Uncle Sam, too, which was a problem of similar dimensions.

He was slow in thought, quick only in temper, though harmless. He was inclined to be obstinate. Nagging would have had a reverse effect to the one desired. But Aunt Jane never nagged.

"Animals and men are temperamental," I'd heard her say once. "You have to treat them right to get their best."

Another vivid recollection is that of my aunt enjoying her only luxury. This was her morning egg. I call it luxury, because the way she behaved with it her egg was obviously that to her.

She was extremely fastidious over timing its boiling. And sitting down to its consumption was almost a ceremony. She would cut the bread into neat fingers, taking her time deliberately as if to prolong the pleasure. She would hold the bread daintily, dipping it in the yolk.

"That was cooked perfectly!" she said every morning as if that in itself was always a pleasant surprise.

My uncle also had his luxury in the form of two pints of bitter taken over a game of dominoes down at the inn. He could afford it only once a week, and I don't think it satisfied him. His pleasure was restricted by necessity and not by self-denial, as was the case with my aunt.

And then, as I say, we became rich. A brother my uncle had ignored for about twenty years died suddenly, and shocked the whole family by leaving his farm and most of his money to the member he had always liked the least.



## AN EGG FOR BREAKFAST

"I don't know how I'll ever manage," said Aunt Jane anxiously when she saw the size of our domain.

"You don't have to," replied my uncle. "We can afford to have a man in."

But she would not hear of it. Immensely practical, careful to the point of fatuity, she determined to work the new farm with the same economy as the previous one.

Uncle was not firm about the matter of a supervisor, mainly because he wasn't interested. The money seemed to him an inexhaustible wealth.

So while Aunt Jane's life differed only in its surroundings, her husband became determined to make the most of his riches. Her refusal to forsake her thrifty ways annoyed him intensely, probably because it stirred his conscience.

"You don't have to limit yourself to one egg," he would say at breakfast. "We're not poor now, you know."

But she would smile and shake her head. Uncle Sam, on the other hand, changed

his habits to fit the circumstances. He was down at the hotel night after night, invariably late coming home and often incapable.

I could see it worried my aunt, though she never mentioned it to him. She knew the money wouldn't last for ever, that the farm had to be made to pay. Uncle helped her even less than before. He merely frittered away the profits.

One morning, after an evening's drinking heavier than usual, he came down late to breakfast. He glanced sheepishly at the clock and only grunted when spoken to.

Aunt Jane was going through the daily ritual of eating her egg. Looking at my uncle I was surprised to see him scowling at her. She was too engrossed to notice. His annoyance increased until suddenly he threw down his knife and fork with a clatter.

"Jane!" he almost roared.

She looked up in pained surprise.

"I thought you liked eggs," he said.

"But, Sam—you know I do." Her eyes searched his in mild perplexity.

"Then why, in Heaven's name, do you sit there over one like a pauper enjoying a charity dinner? Why don't you have two eggs . . . three . . . a dozen? Or perhaps you think it would be wasting money? Perhaps you think I waste money when I go out drinking?"

He stared a challenge. Plainly he felt she should think it; it was on his conscience.

"Sam, have I ever said so?"

"No," he admitted sullenly. He was deflated already, punctured by her serenity.

"I admit I have been puzzled about you drinking as much as you do," she said.

"Ah, so you think it?" He was puffing up again.

"I only said I didn't understand," she went on. "You see, I like my egg. That's why I limit myself to one a day, there's no other reason. I enjoy it that way—really enjoy it. Now answer me truly. Do you enjoy your drink—as much now as you did when you were limited to an occasional glass?"

Uncle Sam said nothing. But I could see he was turning it over in his slow, laborious brain. Already he had decided she was right. He would not admit it openly, of course, so having finished her breakfast she went into the kitchen—to save him embarrassment, I guessed. Playing up to her object, I followed.

It is hardly necessary to say it worked. Aunt Jane knew how to handle my uncle, all right. That simple episode succeeded where all the pleading or remonstrance in the world would have failed. Uncle cut his drinking to one evening a week; and having no other interest he began to help with the farm.

But I often wonder what would have been the result had he known what happened that morning and presumably every morning. I followed her into the kitchen, remember. She didn't realise I was behind her for some time, and when she turned to see the astonishment in my face she winked her eye.

"Don't tell your uncle," she whispered.

I agreed not to, and she winked again as she reached behind the saucepan for her third consecutive boiled egg.

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# The Ellington Girl

A charming romantic  
story

By ANN  
CHIDESTER

**H**IS troubles began because he wanted and needed to marry the youngest Ellington girl. Edith, the real flower of this extraordinary family—and the one Mrs. Ellington loved best. To him, this was like an ancient dare or trial of the Middle Ages in which the lover is required to pass a series of tests—to face the terrible fiery dragon, to cross an enchanted moat, and to claim the great castle for his own—before he can be allowed to touch the lily-white hand of the beloved maiden.

"And Mrs. Ellington's the head dragon for my money," he reasoned. When he met her he felt small—about three feet, or as high as a boy's baseball bat. He felt more penniless than usual. His feet were the size of snowshoes, and his voice-box suffered a quick atrophy so that he merely stared and stared. With one glance from her shrewd, glistening, all-seeing eyes, he withered.

He had been at Stanhope's, the accountants, almost six months, and as yet had made no real progress. He sat at the worst desk—a small, scarred one near the main door. There he had a fine view of the town's main street, and if Edie Ellington came into sight an electric buzzer went off in his brain. This sent all numbers and accounts awry. He would watch her progress up the street, dazed and full of great dreams, bursting with love for her.

His duties at Stanhope's were numerous and menial. Nothing at the university had prepared him for driving Mr. Stanhope home for dinner in an eccentric, olive-green phaeton car, and returning at two o'clock to drive the drowsy old fellow back to the office. Also he was required by Stanhope protocol, as ancient as fire itself, to pay newsboys, tip the boy from the drug-store who brought in coffee and sandwiches, and give a quarter every morning to Old Buzz Harris, the local drunk, who was filthy, charming, learned, and revered. It was he who said yes or no to salesmen. No one seemed to remember he was a Certified Public Accountant.

His name was Kenneth Dashforth. "Dashforth—Dashforth?" Mr. Stanhope said the day he came from the city to apply for the job. "Any relative of that Dashforth who was at Valley Forge? The one who brought Washington's messages to the Congress? Any relative of—?"

"Yessir," he said quickly. He was both ashamed and delighted. Who wanted a job because a very dead ancestor was a big thing with Mr. Stanhope, who looked on even the most ancient history as very lively gossip?

His eccentric old uncle had been talking for years about Horatio Dashforth, and until Mr. Stanhope's mention he had felt only impatience with that old story. Now it seemed to make a difference, and he was willing to use anything at hand. Still, he had hoped to be given a job for his merits, though in his heart he had to admit his merits were few. He had passed the exam with luck.

Mr. Stanhope tried to make much of the matter of Horatio Dashforth. He introduced him around the office, saying, "And here's our new young man, Mr. Kenneth Dashforth, fresh from war and the university. One of the great Revolutionary families in our history. His ancestor Horatio Dashforth risked his life often to bring Washington's reports to the Congress. Yes, yes, indeed."

He turned his steamy glasses on Kenneth with delight as though he had dug up the original Dashforth and presented him, untarnished, to public praise.

Ken knew that the old man lauded his ancestry all over town, and he soon decided he didn't like this—he

really hated it. "Makes me feel like a ghost," he reasoned. "He ought to have hired me because I can do the work."

Many of the invitations he received were because of the old man's talk, he knew. Still, he liked the town. It had a nice, broad spread, good lawns, and quietness. He could imagine living there forever. Then when he saw Edie Ellington he knew if he had any luck he would live the rest of his days there.

Bob Bayard, the other young person in the office, and the one who had last occupied the battered desk by the door, now had his own office, no larger than a mop closet. It was Bob who outlined the difficulties confronting anyone who wanted to marry Edie Ellington.

"It's a real problem. Mrs. Ellington, better known as Minnie, has big plans. But big. You approach one of her girls, and Minnie's mind begins to whirl like a dervish," he warned Ken. They were watching the Ellington family go into the bank across the street—Mrs. Ellington, Minnie the Mighty, as Bob called her, in her silk broadcloth leading the brigade, and the three queens following dutifully: Caroline, the eldest, who was very proud and wore blue all the time, even to blue shoes; Nana, the middle one, who liked horses and dogs and swaggered like a slim, happy boy; and the youngest one, Edith, who was so shy she bolted at the least word, always turning her face slightly away when people spoke to her on the street.

Mrs. Ellington was in her late forties, lively and outspoken, and famous for her endless energy and her terrible coffee. She had been left a widow very young, while her daughters were still children. She had kept the house on Hill Street, where she had taken a vigilant, martial stand over the three girls, guarding them while she strained to make ends meet with sewing, baking, and renting out her two spare rooms to teachers.

When Ken had arrived in town he had applied for a room there, but she had sent him off gently but grandly, saying, "I rent to teachers only. I like a cultured atmosphere." He had gone from there to a hotel which he considered too expensive.

After he had given old Mr. Stanhope his four o'clock pills, the pink ones, he asked, "How do you get your foot inside the door of that bastille?"

"You work on it," Bob said.

"What's she want for Edie—a guy with uranium mines?" he frowned. He had never had any trouble getting a girl to go out with him, but now it was serious, when he had marriage in view, he was having these mysterious problems. He hated hotel life. He had enough for a down payment on a small house. Also, Mr. Stanhope had made a few promises about the future. The only barrier between him and honest, total happiness was this mother who embodied unimaginable dangers.

"She's got her own standards. Some people like money. Mrs. Ellington likes other things. You just cannot predict what these are because they're different for each daughter, it seems. Take Caroline," Bob said thoughtfully. "She'll let Caroline go to this fellow who's a university professor now, used to teach here in town, because she admires brains—not so much for herself as for Caroline, who's mad for intellectual stuff. And as Mrs. Ellington says, brains last as long as the man, except in case of rare disease or accident." He laughed nervously. "Now, in my case—well, Nana is for me."

"You mean you've managed to close the deal—with Minnie the Mighty?"

Bob nodded happily. "My folks' old house is the answer. Dad left it to me. I was thinking of selling it, but one day I figured out my in with her. Mrs. Ellington loves that house because it's got two bay-windows, very nice for ferns and geraniums, she says. It makes her glow like neon to think of Nana living there with a pack of kids. She's got real imagination that way."

"I'll have to figure out some gimmick, too," Ken said, disheartened.

So far he had managed only the most casual meetings with Edith. When Bob offered to take him to the house one evening, he felt it was now or never. On Sunday he went to the city and borrowed the yellow convertible from his brother, but it seemed that while Mrs. Ellington had a great sense of humor and loved modern marvels like fluorescent lighting, giant screens, garbage disposals, and synthetic materials, she laid down old-fashioned rules concerning love and her daughters.

In the summers the men met the girls on the front porch. While Mrs. Ellington made no more than an opening appearance—formidable as an opera star in her perpetual silks—every man knew that her watchful eyes, always clouded with maternal solicitude that made radar seem feeble and antiquated, were somewhere quite near.

In the winter, Bob explained, the men came around to the house at eight, and played cards or listened to records while Mrs. Ellington rattled around in the kitchen and served a huge chocolate cake along with flagons of her vile coffee. This was her ritual, and if you did not like it you stayed away.

"But hasn't anyone ever tried to break through this barrier?" he protested, disappointed that he would not be able to whirl through town and up the river road with Edie beside him in the glittering yellow car. He was a big, strong young man, and he hated feeling small and powerless. "How will I ever get to know Edie?"

"You can take her out next Saturday evening," Bob grinned. "Until eleven-thirty."

"Doesn't Mrs. Ellington know these are modern times?"

"Oh, she knows, but these girls are all she's got," Bob explained gently. "At first you hate her. Then you begin to try to figure out the angles. But once she accepts you—well, you're grateful. I am, anyhow. These girls are worth anything—even Caroline. There just aren't any girls like them anywhere, and if you mean to settle down here, you'd be way ahead of yourself to give in now, Ken. Otherwise, you'll just make it tough on yourself. And on Edie, too, if she's interested."

"How'll I ever get to know whether she's interested?" he asked, exasperated.

Yesterday, when they had met outside the supermarket, he had tried to read Edie's eyes, forcing her by a steady stare to look at him. She had looked back openly, despite her famous shyness, and the look had gone through him like forked lightning. He knew he would play according to Mrs. Ellington's rules. So, he sat on the front porch those soft summer nights. The girls' pastel dresses made pale blurs in the darkness.

He discovered that he was pleased with everything.

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"Your mother has a heart of stone," Kenneth complained to the beautiful Edith, the girl he wanted to marry.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 7, 1958







## He found leisure could be such a bore . . . a short short story

"FOR he's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us." The singing was enthusiastic and sincere. Charley had no idea what he said in reply, but they clapped and there were calls of "Good old Charley," "Gentleman Charley," and someone said, "Half your luck to be out of harness." People were all round him, shaking his hand and wishing good luck, when the knock-off bell vibrated above the noise and quite suddenly he was alone. He looked down at the inscription on the gold watch in his hand: "To Charles Owen on his retirement, in appreciation of 45 years of valued service. Benjamin Coulson and Sons."

Twenty minutes later, as he reached for his hat, he saw the vastness of the department where he had been foreman for twenty years. The long tubes of the fluorescent lighting were dead; only the bare globes that hung at the intersections of the dark passageways between the great presses were alight.

But he needed no light; he knew the room intimately, from the unevenness of the ink-coated floor to the history and characteristics of each machine. He had seen every one of them installed, that is, all except Bertha. She was the first; old Ben Coulson had brought her from Europe when he migrated. She had been set up in a small tin shed—the seed from which the immense Coulson plant had grown.

He walked slowly down the passageway to the dark corner beneath the stairs to where the tiny old platen had been forced by the rapid advances of modern progress. Using both his hands, he pulled on the belt and Bertha's jaws swung closed with a free movement.

How afraid he had been that first day, so many years ago, when Old Ben had introduced him to the technique of feeding a printing press. The whole foundation of his skill had been developed from his association with the diminutive machine. The firm had outgrown the shed and many other buildings, as it had outgrown him. Only Bertha remained.

"They'll scrap her now, Jennie, I know that," he said across the tea-table to his wife. "I've never had much influence with the boys, but I could always find a reason for keeping her. I used to tell them that it was good for the apprentices to know something of the advancements in machinery, and how the old tradesmen got their results. You know, there was something personal between a man, his job, and his machine in those days. It's no wonder lads get restless and disinterested now; it's all too automatic, this push-button way of doing things."

She smiled at his agitation. "You must be reasonable, Char. You can't expect them to see things the way their fathers and you did. They have the responsibility of a huge works and hundreds of employees. A little bit of old machinery would be just something to take up space."

"But don't you understand? I owe it to Old Ben. He always said he relied on me to look after Bertha. But they just see her as a bit of history and sentiment."

"Well, dear, you let them do whatever they like. You've done your share towards the firm, and now you are free to do as you like yourself. Where did you put the watch? You'll have to be careful not to lose it!"

"It'll be quite safe in the box at

the bank with the other things. I'll see to it in the morning."

"You don't mean that you're not going to wear it?"

"Of course I'm not going to wear it. I've got a perfectly good watch you and the kids gave me for my half-century. I had to put my pocket watch aside for that. No, I was thinking about it coming home. I'm going to give it to young Ken when he's twenty-one." He chuckled at himself. "Won't his eyes goggle at that, eh?"

"At the inscription? Yes, I can imagine that." Her smile was amused.

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that . . . Well, it can stay in the bank until this one goes bung. I'm not ungrateful, but, hang it all, a man can't wear two watches. Now, if they'd given me a fruit-dish that you could use, or a vase or something . . ."

"Like old Bertha?" prompted Jennie.

Her husband shot her a glance and he was relieved to find her joking.

By the end of the first three weeks of his retirement the Owens' garden was the neatest in the street; within another couple of weeks there were no more odd jobs to be done, and Charley's time began to drag. His wife was quick to notice the indications of restlessness in his behaviour. It was then that she began to drop hints about nice long caravan trips. Eventually Charley suggested a tour, and he spent a great deal of time preparing for it. Jennie was relieved.

However, after two months of sightseeing and fishing his restlessness returned with greater intensity. The only time Jennie saw flashes of the old Charley was when he came across some particularly bad example of printing in a magazine or newspaper.

It was not long before he was complaining of indigestion and sleeplessness. So, after much patient urging on her part, he went to see the doctor. She was sorry after. The doctor's diagnosis had agreed with hers, but something went wrong with his psychology when he suggested that Charley join the bowls club or some other sport suitable to retired gentlemen. No matter what Jennie said about bowls being played by young men and women, her husband's indignation remained.

He was suffering from an acute attack of dyspepsia one afternoon when his grandson Ken arrived with the suggestion that they go fishing. Jennie watched them leave; young

Ken stepping out eagerly and talking back over his shoulder to Charley.

She sat dejectedly by the window and looked at the weeds regaining their hold on the garden. For months now she had watched her husband's steady transformation from a contented, healthy, middle-aged man to . . . well, she refused to find the words.

She realised that they both had to get old some day, but to her the process of ageing should be a pleasant period of doing those things that gave one pleasure. She knew this by her own interests and occupations, but with a man like Charley it was different. She wondered why it was that some men gave themselves to their jobs to the exclusion of all else.

The front gate slammed and Ken and his grandfather talked rapidly as they came down the path. Ken must have caught something big for them to be so excited. Jennie had just put the kettle on when Charley came through the back door talking rapidly to the boy following him.

"We've made it in time, anyway. I'll just catch them before they knock off." He continued on his way through the kitchen and winked gaily at his wife and disappeared into the hall.

"Whatever's the matter?" she asked Ken as she heard the phone rattle.

"Nothing's the matter. Grandpa's going to ring Coulsons' to see if they'll donate some stuff for the Boys' Club—you know, the new Arts 'n Crafts wing. We didn't go fishing after all. We met Mr. Morris, he's the president, and he asked Grandpa if he'd be an instructor. We've been up at the club and Grandpa's coming tonight to . . ."

There was another rattle of the phone and a slight ring, then Charley's voice called from the hall. "She's ours, Ken." Next moment he was in the kitchen, his face bright and flushed. "And what's more, it will be the whole works. Some type, a lot of sub-grade ink, good enough for you young scamps. They're going to send it out in the morning if they can. How's that sound, eh?"

"Gee, you must be an important bloke with the Coulsons." His young voice filled with respect.

"They're jolly nice young fellows, generous, too, just like their father. But come along, we'll get my tools from the garage."

Jennie stood dumbfounded as

# Out of Harness

By PAT KENNEDY



Jennie watched her husband and young Ken walk down the path, Ken excited at the thought of a day's fishing with his grandfather.

she watched him walk quickly and straight-shouldered across the lawn.

"Golly, you are slow to catch on. We're getting Bertha, the finest little old printing press in the world." And he, too, was gone towards the garage.

Jennie smiled as she poured the three cups of tea and prayed that nothing would go wrong. The old Charley was back.

Five days later twenty eager-faced boys crowded into a hall circle and watched Bertha and Charley move in perfect rhythm as they printed the invitations for the official opening of the new wing.

"Now, then, who's going to be the first to try their hand at helping Bertha get these cards done, eh?"

He had expected an eager, rowdy reply, but instead there was dead silence. He looked up at the blank faces and remembered his own fear of Bertha's steel jaws.

"Oh, come on now, she won't hurt you. If you do just as I tell you, there's nothing to be afraid of." The faces still told him nothing.

Then an indignant voice broke the silence. "Heck, it's not that we're scared, Mr. Owen, but . . . well, seeing that this is a boys' club and . . . well, you know, no girls or women are allowed in an' all that . . . couldn't we change its name?" the manly young freckle-face pleaded.

The glow of contentment that had been with Charley for days now faded and a chilled tenseness took its place. A confusion of thoughts seemed to crown him; he was trapped.

"Yes, Grandpa; you know, a real man's name." How sweet his grandson's voice sounded.

Somewhere inside his mind there was a sudden flash, and a warm spiritual sort of smile wrinkled his face.

"A real man's name, eh? . . . Then we couldn't do better than Benjamin . . . Yes, Ben would be most appropriate."

Then the eager helpers moved in from all sides.

(Copyright)





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### Reminder for MOTHER'S DAY

Give her "Coronet" on May 11th—  
"Coronet," the loveliest gown of all—and  
every day will be Mother's Day for her!

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## Give her **KAYSER** Nylons

A boy's best friend is his Mother. And no wonder either. Nobody cooks like her—nobody looks like her, particularly when she's wearing Kayser 3D's! 3D's are the gloriously sheer 15 denier nylons that come in three proportioned leg lengths, which makes them fit better, wear ever so much longer. So how about giving your best friend something she always wants and needs—Kayser 3D's, they're the Daddy of them all!

**12" 11**  
(Slightly less in some States)



Ask for the colourful Mother's Day  
gift envelope FREE with

**KAYSER**  
NYLONS

# 'MY PARTY SECRETS'

by

*Elsa Maxwell*

WORLD-FAMOUS hostess Elsa Maxwell recommends a doughnut - dunking party for entertaining guests who don't mix readily. "No one can stand on dignity while dunking," she says. Despite this picture, she doesn't think it's "U" to poise your little finger when eating doughnuts.



## First instalment of the best-seller by the world's ace hostess

**H**OW has it all come about? How has a simple love of gaiety, a love of enjoyment, and of wanting to bring enjoyment to others, earned me the title of World Party-Giver No.1?

Perhaps the answer lies in history.

I believe that in my flair for bringing into the world a little more laughter, a little more color, a little more warmth I am merely following in the footsteps of others in the long history of entertaining.

The mighty Queen Hatshepsut, who ruled Egypt nearly 2000 years B.C., was once described as "Renewer of Hearts."

Renewer of Hearts! That appeals to me. The phrase sings through the ages, touching countless generations of people who have wakened one morning and thought, "I think I'll give a party—the best party ever!"

I like to think that I am simply a 20th-century edition—a sort of latter-day "Renewer of Hearts."

Of "best-ever" parties in history Hatshepsut gave her share. There was the one honoring the return of her expedition to the Land of Punt, or Somaliland as we know it.

● I suppose I should know a little about the art of entertaining. On and off for 40 years I've been giving parties—some 2000 in all—and I have yet to give a dull one.

Like any good hostess, she planned ahead. She'd sent artists with the expedition to make sketches, which she had reproduced in sculpture and mosaics in her temple. She knew the importance of creating a pleasing backdrop for her guests, the enchantment of make-believe.

Men talked politics and money. Women talked eternal: "How many children?" they asked politely. "And how difficult were the confinements?"

Externals change, but the human heart does not.

And the high and mighty have never had a monopoly on pleasure. Far from it.

In the final analysis, it is not the who but the why that counts in entertaining.

It is not the money you spend, nor the prestige you may reap—it is what is in your heart. More, it is what you leave in the hearts of others.

Of all the parties I have given, one stands out in my memory as perhaps the most rewarding of all. Certainly it was the smallest.

I had a guest list of one,

yet never have I known a happier fulfilment in my role as hostess than I did that evening when I entertained a Brooklyn girl I had never seen before and may never see again.

Her name, let's say, was Alice. She was young, a widow, and having a hard time making ends meet.

One day I received a letter from her. "Oh, once, just once," she wrote, "to spend an evening as you do!"

So I invited her to do just that.

I booked seats at Carnegie Hall for a concert Toscanini was to conduct. Earlier we dined at El Morocco and Alice had the time of her young life watching and meeting Hollywood and Broadway and society.

People stopped at our table to chat: Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons, a former Governor of Pennsylvania; and when, as we were leaving for our concert, Alice came face to face with Betty Grable I nearly had to assist my little friend into our taxi.

I don't think two people

ever had a better time. That night two hearts were renewed.

Party-giving isn't simply a matter of trotting out the best china, the wedding-present linen, and hoping for the best. It is loving. It is giving. It is sharing.

Someone has said that life itself is a party: you join after it's started and you leave before it's finished.

Well, when it comes my turn to leave this longest of all parties, I can hope for no better epitaph than this one already prematurely written about me: "She knocked on the door of history, and made a part of our century gayer with her entertaining. Hers was the fame of a thousand and one nights—and never a dull one."

If you wish me to be your guide to the secrets of successful entertaining, you can throw away that book of etiquette.

I am not talking about the etiquette that prescribes simple good manners. What I declare war on is the etiquette that ordains a fixed, inflexible pattern for conducting various types of parties.

Rigid standards of procedure are all very well for royalty and high officialdom. They are fatal to the party given with the pure and unbeguiled aim to please.

I once had tea with that Queen of Etiquette Emily





FANCY-DRESS parties are popular with Elsa Maxwell because she thinks they reduce all guests to one level. Here she is dressed as the Elephant Lady for an April in Paris Ball, to which she and Bea Lillie (right) rode elephants.



SURVEYING THE SCENE at her "farm" in the Waldorf-Astoria, Elsa, dressed as a farmhand and thoughtfully chomping an ice-cream cone, looks anything but the picture of a society hostess. The occasion was her "Barnyard Frolic."

Price Post. I found her charming, but her party wasn't exactly gay.

Nothing creative has ever yet come out of blind obedience to custom.

It was the monotony of most people's parties that drove me to invent my own.

And I have no intention of being modest about the results I've had.

Give people what they don't expect is my advice if you're to succeed as a hostess.

Throw out all the rules, except those discretion and good taste demand.

That old bugbear—money—is the most common defence I hear from

women who are afraid to give parties simply because they can't afford to entertain on a gilt-edged scale.

Nonsense. If wealth were all a hostess needed, Barbara Hutton would have put me in the shade years ago.

Money doesn't make a good party. You do.

I have given parties when I hadn't two pennies to rub together—and I haven't so many more now—crazy, childish parties like the one at which a group of Cabinet Ministers had the time of their sedate lives blowing feathers off an outstretched sheet.

True, I have also given parties that would have cost others tens of thousands.

Yet, I repeat, it was not the sum at the foot of the bill that made them good parties. It was because they were different.

"Where in the world do you get your ideas?" is a question I am often asked.

I can only answer, "Out of my head," and that is a piece of equipment on which I have no monopoly. Anyone can find a novel idea if he'll only go looking for it.

I suppose it must be my lifelong devotion to the cause of unseating riders of very high horses that accounts for my flair for levelling devices at parties: games, contests, fancy dress.

No one, for instance, is going to stand long on dignity while dunking doughnuts into coffee, which was the sole purpose of one party I remember with pleasure.

There was the game I staged in London one year in the 'twenties that resulted in a fad still going strong into the 'forties.

With friends I hit on the idea of organising a treasure-hunt and sending the invitations out in the form of an anagram.

So many cars converged on Lady Juliet Duff's house in Belgrave Square, where the hunt was to start, that the police arrived, wanting to

for the late Princess Mafalda, daughter of the late King of Italy, on a string of gorgeously draped barges towed to and fro on the Grand Canal.

Another party at which elegance was the keynote was a dinner I gave in the Empire Room at the Waldorf a few seasons ago in honor of Cole Porter, a man I love dearly.

I know Cole very well, and, tender sentiments aside, there are three things about him that key him as a personality. First, his music. Second, his gaiety. Third, his extreme elegance.

So what did I do?

For music I had birds, some 200 of them, singing their heads off in airy, decorative cages. For gaiety—pink. Pink flowers, pink balloons, plumes of pink feathers. For elegance—ah, what is more elegant than a man in a white tie?

Of course, the most rewarding parties to give or go to are those that not only give guests a good time but also serve a good cause.

I have taken active part in more benefits than I care to remember, and I have loved every one of them.

The benefit dearest to my heart is the annual April in Paris Ball in New York. It had its start at the Waldorf the year Paris celebrated her 2000th birthday—to honor this historic event and to raise money for French charities.

It was such a success that the following year we decided to make it bigger and better, and it has been growing in size and importance since.

One April in Paris Ball I have special cause to remember. Someone hit on the idea of bulking it up still larger with elephants.

John Ringling North agreed to lend us some of his circus menagerie, and Bea Lillie and I agreed to ride them.

Bea and I dutifully went round to Madison Square, but

the elephants would have none of us.

So it was decided that, rather than risk our necks, we would follow them on foot in the parade round the ballroom—equipped, for reasons that will be obvious to anyone who has ever spent time with an elephant, with dust-pans and brooms.

On the night of the party we found our monstrous charges waiting. Maybe they were just nervous. Anyway, they had misbehaved quite horribly, and Bea and I felt obliged to do what we could in the way of tidying up.

We had barely finished when a charming voice called from the doorway to ask what we were doing. We turned, blinked, and stood mute, unable to reply. It was Queen Juliana of the Netherlands.

So there you have, in sum, several parties, each different from the other.

Each was elaborate by average standards and expensive by any standard. Yet analyse them and you will see

Continued on page 43



FILM STARS Joan Fontaine and Clark Gable compare notes at Elsa Maxwell's cooking party in Hollywood. Like all Elsa's parties, it was successful because it got away from conventional entertainment. "New ideas are the main ingredients of any party," says the world's No. 1 party-giver.



IN NEW YORK the irrepressible Elsa Maxwell dressed as a man to escort veteran film star Gloria Swanson (left) and prima donna Lily Pons to the fancy-dress Theatre Ball.



# SINGER

## NOW IN SECOND CENTURY OF WORLD LEADERSHIP

*Here's the most modern of all—*

### SINGER AUTOMATIC WITH 'FINGER-TIP' CONTROL



Comparisons prove SINGER best. There's no doubt why SINGER is the world's best sewing machine—your best lifetime investment.

The SINGER Automatic has more features, more advantages, more attachments than any other sewing machine in the world to-day.

They include single and twin needles—almost endless variety of stitches from the decorative, the multiple zig-zag to darning—all automatic with Finger-Tip Control. Also buttonholes and sews on buttons.

Why not get a home demonstration of this wonderful machine—contact your nearest SINGER Sewing Centre. Service, parts and attachments always available.

Easy to sew, SINGER is so easy to buy—your present machine can be your deposit—with 24 months to pay.

Singer Finger-Tip Automatic comes as portable with two-toned case, handsome console or in treadle style. All models can be equipped with electric motors from 32-240 volts.



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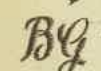
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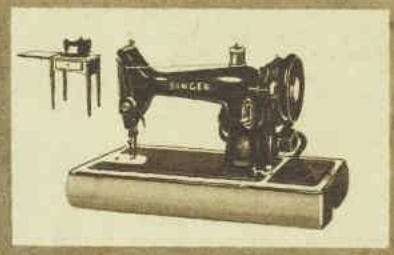
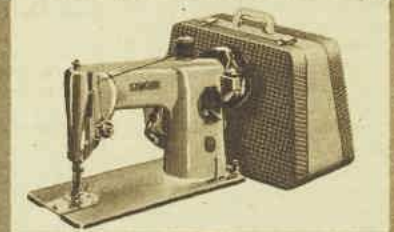
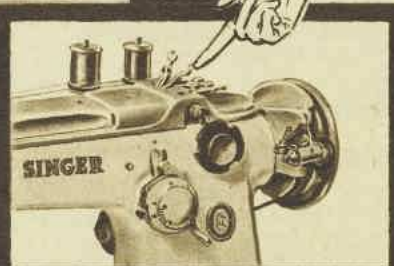
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**SEWS ON BUTTONS**



**MAKES BUTTONHOLES**



**ANOTHER "BEST-BUY":** SINGER 201 makes every sewing job easier, faster. Has automatic tension, stitch length control, complete range of attachments—add two more and you can do anything from zig-zag stitching to buttonholes. Portable or console, SINGER 201 yours for only £7 deposit—24 months to pay.

**BUDGET "BEST-BUY":** For the woman on a budget, the SINGER 99 is best buy. Portable or console—it has a wide range of attachments. Only £5 deposit—24 months to pay.

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Every machine backed by famous SINGER service—best throughout the world.

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# TELEVISION PARADE

● Television is a bit like a man—you occasionally wonder why you put up with his company, but you know life wouldn't be nearly as entertaining without him.

**T**RY spending an evening at home when you don't have visitors, the family's out, you're tired of listening to records, you've finished your only library book — and you suddenly find the TV set is bung.

Suddenly you know TV's become part and parcel of your life and you wonder how you lived without it.

I know. Because that happened to me the other night, and I became plenty mad at how the public is at the mercy of an elusive and too often inefficient society of TV repairmen.

The saga of the family set started with narrowing pictures and a severe case of St. Vitus' dance.

Along came the local TV "expert," who dismantled the set and said he'd return next day. Several days and many more telephone calls later, he was lured back to "fix" the set, which then produced its worst-ever picture.

The manufacturers were called in. They deplored the local's work and carried away the set for really expert attention.

Three weeks later, they returned—with the set and high hopes of good televiewing. Five minutes after their gay farewells the set was more on the blink than ever, and the "Mr. Fixits" had gone into smoke for the weekend.

I know many others who are finding this same poor service, and I don't consider it very bright or fair when you remember (a) how much TV costs to own and run, (b) how much more you pay for a supposedly efficient servicing insurance, and (c) the gilded promises firms make in their all-out salesmanship of sets.

★ ★ ★  
**T**HAT'S purely a viewer's outlook. Another side of the picture was given to me by a Melbourne retailer.

"The demand for sets and service is giving me ulcers," he said. "Business is far too good. I can't get enough of the popular-brand sets to meet the demand and I can't keep up with the servicing."

Then he told of one woman whose set he took away for a couple of days to repair.

Ignoring his regrets that he couldn't lend her a substitute set because he had only two left in the showrooms, she said: "I must have a set. Do you want to get me divorced?"

"If we're watching TV my husband and I don't have to talk. As soon as we start talking we quarrel. We haven't quarrelled since we got the set. It's the only reason we're still married."

Even TV distributors are human. She got her set.

★ ★ ★  
**I** WONDER if you could guess the three top pin-ups round Channel 9 way.

The channel has recently been deluged by requests for photographs, and way ahead of all others in popular demand is that 6ft. 6in. beefcake idol, Clint Walker, star of



**PIN-UP** of Channel 9 viewers is rugged Clint Walker, star of "Cheyenne" (alternate Saturdays, 8 p.m.). Requests for photographs of him are pouring non-stop into the studio.

"Cheyenne" (Channel 9, alternate Saturdays, 8 p.m.).

In second place is Mouseketeer Annette of the "Mickey Mouse Club" (6 p.m., Mondays through Fridays), and third is Brian Henderson, newsreader, and compere of "Accent on Youth" (6 p.m., Saturdays).

The only sad part about the popularity poll is that the channel can't supply the photographs, partly because the demands are so great it would involve a small fortune.

By  
**CYNTHIA STRACHAN**

**A**CE pin-up Clint Walker (whose picture should be available by dropping a line to Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood) is quite a boy.

In his role in "Cheyenne"—an hour-long Western well worth viewing—he plays a solemn, honorable Western wanderer who's for the law but not a lawman, and is one cowboy who does all his own riding, all his own brawling, all his own stunting.

To keep looking the part of the strong, silent man, he works out every day with a bar-bell, and eats with the caution of a Yogi.

All he has for lunch is a giant glass of tomato juice, and his one meal a day, at supper-time, often consists purely of sunflower seeds, dates, raisins, and raw coconuts.

The reason he keeps up his strength is, to quote Clint: "It used to annoy me at the movies to see a leading man take off his shirt after he beat up all the villains and look puny, like something the cat drug in and the dog wouldn't have."

The 30-year-old giant from Illinois has been a night-club bouncer, private-eye, and deputy-sheriff—to list just a few of his strongman occupations—and is a fairly new-comer to TV and the screen.

Sad for the bobby-soxers—he's married to his 5ft. 3in. schoolgirl sweetheart, has a seven-year-old daughter, and is the real family man.

**WHAT'S** the betting that a certain American watch company will tele-record all its future TV commercials?

This advertiser's tale of woe began during a recent screening in the States of the popular "Steve Allen Show" (Channel 7, Mondays, 8 p.m.).

The company, with its long-established name for waterproof timepieces, staged a "live" commercial to show viewers just how waterproof its watches are.

An announcer ceremoniously strapped a watch to the propeller of an outboard motor immersed in a bowl of water, revved the motor, and told viewers to stand by to see this "mighty little watch" come through unscathed.

The motor stopped. The announcer reached into the bowl and stared in amazement. The camera also peered hopefully. But the watch was gone—ground to nothing by the beat of the propeller.

As 40,000,000 Americans chuckled, the announcer spluttered, "I don't know what happened. It worked at rehearsal . . ."

★ ★ ★  
**I**F you'd happily trade in all other TV fare for good gripping drama, you should enjoy "The Pendulum," a series which has just swung into the 9.30 p.m. time-slot, Channel 9, Thursdays.

It cleverly tells the stories of men and women who get caught up in slightly shady practices and try to sidestep destiny—but can't escape the swing of the pendulum.

★ ★ ★  
**R**ECENTLY I complained about the conflicting time-slots of good programmes on the three Sydney channels.

I'm still complaining, but I suppose Australians really should thank their lucky stars that there are three programmes to conflict.

I've just seen an overseas report that England's third network will be on the screen in the not-too-distant future, and, like the second channel, ITV, will provide commercial opposition to B.B.C.-TV.

In Europe, none of the three most TV-advanced countries—Germany, Italy, and France—shows any sign of even a second TV network.



**AFTER** a big wash...  
**a dirty spot's no joke!**

Missed in the wash! A dirty spot still on the blouse she wanted to wear to tennis that afternoon. No wonder the lady feels like crying.



Just a touch of good, golden Sunlight on those extra dirty spots before clothes go into the copper or washer makes sure of a wash that's clean all over. Use all the extra washing power in Sunlight, and get clothes really clean—Sunlight clean.

Extra dirty spots need  
**SUNLIGHT'S EXTRA WASHING POWER**

**SUNLIGHT-  
PURE AND MILD  
AS SOAP CAN BE**



SU.206 WW147q



*Springtime colours from overseas!*



**18 International  
springtime colours  
in lambswool**

(Above) Classic Twinset "Popular Pair", about £7/19/6  
(or about £8/9/6 with long-sleeve sweater).

**FULL FASHIONED**

by **Jantzen**  
INTERNATIONAL

Why wait for spring? You can make it blossom time right now! Birds will sing when you slip on the soft, glowing Jantzen knitteds in spring colours from Paris, London, New York . . . now waiting for you at your favourite store. See them today!

Full Fashioned knitwear does more for you. . . Full fashioning means smooth shoulder lines, flat seams and perfect fit knitted to shape on Jantzen's Full Fashioning machines. And the superb shape of your Jantzen knitteds is there for keeps.



## Candy Hardy Frock Service TEENAGE FASHION SCOOP

● "Coralie," high-fashion autumn dress-and-jacket ensemble, is obtainable at budget prices ready made or cut out ready to sew.

THE material is a white-flecked wool; the color choice includes cabana-brown, new moss-green, cherry-red, and violet. The garments can be bought separately or as an ensemble.

Ready to Wear: Dress, sizes 30, 32, 34in. bust, £6/12/9; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/15/6. Jacket, sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust, £5/2/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/4/9. Dress and jacket, sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, £11/9/6. Postage and registration 4/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Dress, sizes 30, 32, 34in. bust, £4/19/3; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/1/6. Jacket, sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust, £3/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/16/9. Dress and jacket, sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, £7/19/3. Postage and registration 4/9 extra.

Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, C.P.O., Sydney; Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to same address. Please make a second color choice and mention "Coralie."

*Coralie*



## SWEET and SOUR

● Next week we will publish the final winners in our Sweet and Sour contest, and details of another competition will be announced. Here are this week's winners:

### THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

MY grandson insisted that I meet his girl-friend. I did and felt a bit ashamed, as I am old and wrinkled and plain, but when she was going home her words lifted me sky high.

"You are just what John said," she told me, "as lovely as you look."

£2/2/- awarded to M. Bolton, 156 Park Terrace, Wayville, S.A.

### THE BEST BACKHANDER

I WAS dressing for a party and my five-year-old son and his three-year-old sister were watching me.

Donald said: "You look lovely, Mummy. Benny, doesn't Mummy look lovely?"

To which Benny replied, "Yes, she looks like somebody else."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Joan Munro, 1 Allison Rd., Cronulla, N.S.W.



For  
Mother  
on  
May 11th

Australia's  
favourite  
box of chocolates

*"Old Gold"*

She'll enjoy a wonderful assortment of 17 different centres, 24 chocolates, in the 1/2-lb. box of "OLD GOLD". So arrive on "her" day with "OLD GOLD", and express your affection and good taste. "OLD GOLD" is also available in 1-lb., and the special 2-lb. boxes.



Here are more Mother's Day suggestions from Mac. Robertson's.



CLEMATIS—a delightful assortment of dark and milk chocolates, in 2-lb. tins.



HIBISCUS—an attractive assortment of chocolates and toffees in 1-lb. tins.



PLAYMATES—a fine milk chocolate assortment in an appealing 12-oz. tin.

Mm-m-m make it *MacRobertson's* on Mother's Day



## SCHOOL HOLIDAY SECTION

### A big new special feature for children

● On these and following pages begins a new weekly series for children on holiday. There are all sorts of things—a beautiful doll to cut out (opposite), card tricks, and a real puppy to be won every week!

OF course, these things won't take up all of your holiday time—and they're not meant to.

A holiday is a wonderful occasion for family "get-togethers," and there is no reason why you shouldn't share some of your plans with your family. There are plenty of reasons why you *should*, the chief one being, perhaps, that it's fun to do it!

You could, for example, introduce some family hobbies into your home.

Most people like to collect things, even when they call it "putting it aside in case it might come in handy!"

Stamp-collecting is a big favorite among people who like to collect, and most families can boast of at least one philatelist.

Nature collections are fun. Next time you go hiking bring home some flowers, ferns, leaves, twigs, and different kinds of stones—they'll make a good start.

You should, of course, identify all your specimens, and then mount them.

Don't scatter them around the house! And what about photography? This is something the whole family can enjoy.

Mother would certainly like pictures of her best flower arrangements, sister can capture her own

trips and holidays in pictures, brother can hunt birds and animals with a camera, while Dad concentrates on family portraits.

A box camera doesn't cost very much, and is

adequate for beginners. Later, you may want more expensive cameras, but remember it is always the photographer—not the camera—who produces a good photograph.

Scrapbooks can be a pleasant family hobby. Why not make a family memory book?

In it paste copies of sister's wedding announcement, stories of Christmas and birthday parties in the home, copies of New Year resolutions, lists of important family events, with, of course, dates and snapshots.

The list of hobbies is endless.

You may have one which belongs to you alone, but be sure to have a few hobbies which can be enjoyed by everyone in your home.

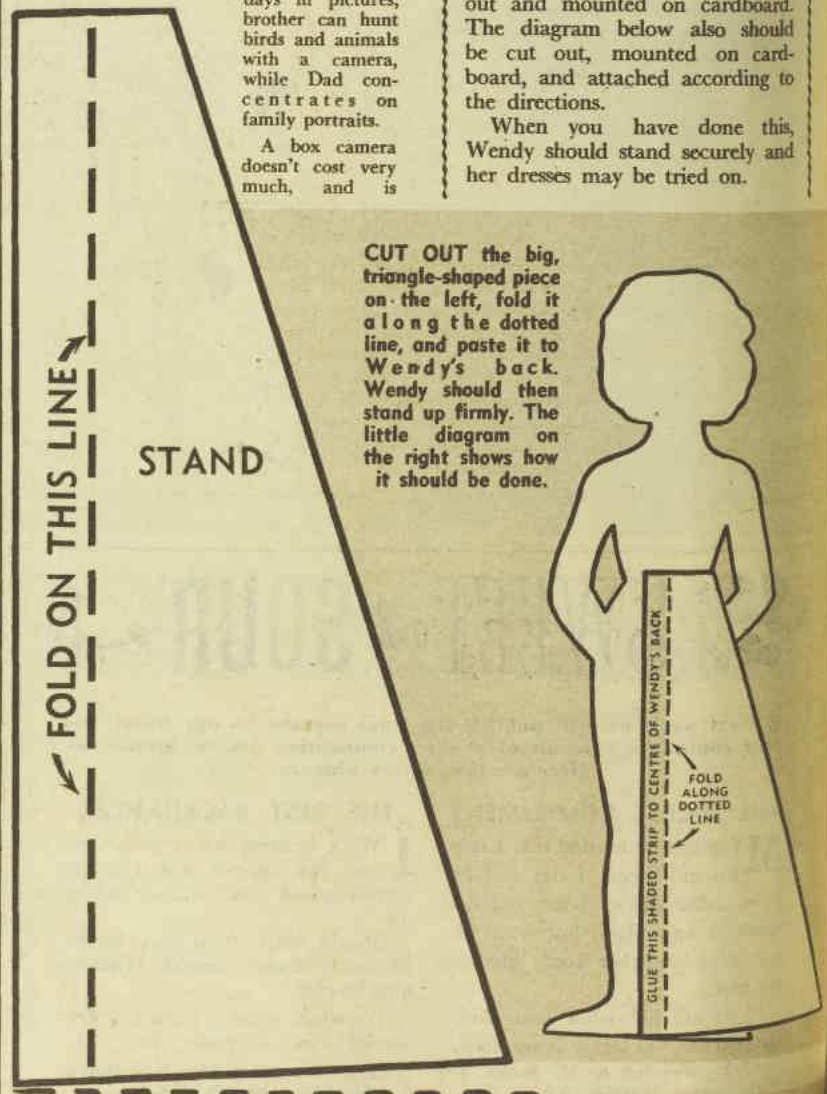
The card tricks presented in this and the following "School Holiday Sections" are reproduced by permission of the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers.

#### DRESSING WENDY

WENDY WEEKLY, the big, beautiful doll with her pretty wardrobe of cut-out clothes, will give hours of pleasure to girls.

Wendy should be carefully cut out and mounted on cardboard. The diagram below also should be cut out, mounted on cardboard, and attached according to the directions.

When you have done this, Wendy should stand securely and her dresses may be tried on.



Soft and light as feather-down... its cosy softness dreamed into lines of flowing beauty, this Lucas nightgown features an enchantingly feminine touch of crystal pleating at collar and yoke. In wondrously warm Lucas Velvanyl that thrives on washings, yet never needs an iron.

In rose and ciel.

Sizes 12-44 at 10 gns.

Lucas Velvanyl is also available in pyjamas, princess slips, vests and pantees.

# LUCAS VELVANYL

MADE FROM  YARN

For the name of your nearest store or salon, please write to  
E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne  
also makers of fine dresses



# WENDY WEEKLY—cut-out doll for girls



LOOK FOR  
WENDY'S  
EXCITING  
PARTY  
OUTFIT—  
NEXT WEEK



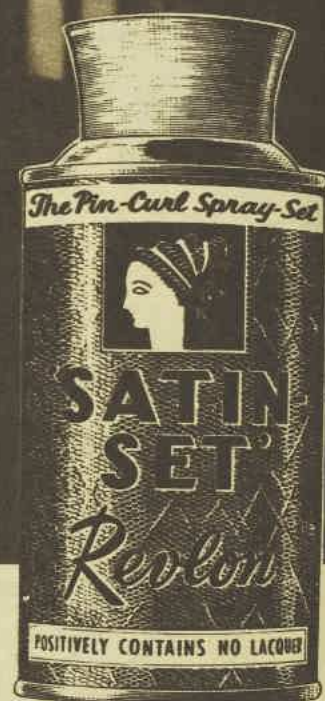
Cut out and dress Wendy in these pretty little walking-out frocks. All the instructions—telling you how to do it—are opposite.



# Now...your hair can look, act NATURALLY CURLY!



## Revlon 'SATIN-SET'



18/6

sets curls that stay...even when it rains!

Now you can have soft, natural-looking curls that really last, even when it rains. Without messy dabbing. Without nightly pin-ups: And, unlike ordinary sprays, 'Satin-Set' contains no lacquer to leave your hair stiff, sticky and flaky!

*All you do* is pin-up as usual. Give your hair a 5-second 'Satin-Set' spray. Let dry, comb out curls! Between sets, a quick spraying with 'Satin-Set' holds your hair style perfectly — *without lacquer!*

SEE THE DIFFERENCE ON A RAINY DAY!



Set with 'ordinary' spray, hair loses curl, soon gets droopy, curl...even when it's rainy!





# PUPPY TALK - No. 1

Our big  
new  
contest  
for  
children  
on  
holiday



Write a  
few  
words to  
win  
yourself  
this  
puppy

● A snappy sentence of only 10 words — that's all you need to win the champion puppy in the picture.

JUST write down what you think he might be saying, and if your entry is the best received, then the puppy is yours.

The contest is open to all children aged 12 and under. It will run for four weeks, and—

● A DIFFERENT BREED OF PUPPY WILL BE OFFERED AS THE PRIZE EACH WEEK.

Our first pup (you can see him on the cover, too) is a blue roan cocker spaniel.

He comes from a long line of champions, and was four weeks old when these pictures were taken.

His owner-breeder was Mrs. D. K. Speer, of Homebush, N.S.W.

All the puppies in the contest are bred from champion stock. They will be between three and four months old when they are handed over to their new owners.

Each dog will be accompanied by his pedigree certificate, and instructions for feeding and care.

● SEND IN AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU LIKE — BUT EACH GROUP OF ENTRIES MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY THE ENTRY FORM.

The winning entries will be those that best describe what the puppies might be saying if they could talk.

For example:  
"How does it look, doctor?"

Or—

"See! My tongue's nearly as long as my ears!"

The age of each entrant, which must be stated on the entry form below, will be taken into consideration when judging entries.

● ALL FOUR WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR JUNE 18 ISSUE.

In addition, 48 consolation prizes of 5/- each also will be announced on this date.

If the same entries are received from more than one child, only the one opened first will be judged.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned, or any correspondence entered into.

Address your entries to: "Puppy Talk—No. 1," Box 5252 P. C., G.P.O., Sydney.

Entries for "Puppy Talk—No. 1" will close on May 14.



"He seemed much smaller in the shop!"

## A DOG'S BEST FRIEND

● Owning a dog can be one of the finest and most rewarding experiences in the life of a child.

ANY dog, pure or crossbred, will give unselfish and unchanging love to his owner; he is always a playmate, and the firmest friend.

Of course, ownership of any animal carries responsibilities. While dogs are naturally tough creatures, they will give less trouble and live longer if looked after properly.

Correct feeding is the first thing to think of. Dogs are still carnivorous (flesh-eating) animals, and a basic meat diet is suggested for all dogs from the age of five weeks.

Raw meat is usually best. It should be scraped or finely minced for very young puppies and cut into chunks of suitable size for older dogs.

Don't be alarmed if your dog bolts his food; his teeth are not used for chewing, and his strong digestive organs will handle the large pieces he gulps down.

Naturally, like humans, dogs welcome a change in their diet. Dry dog biscuits and large beef bones should be given regularly. They keep his teeth and gums in good condition, help his digestion—and what dog doesn't have fun with a bone!

Dogs like table scraps for variety, too. But don't give him white bread, potatoes, or sweets.

Never feed him with chop or poultry bones—they splinter easily and injure him.

Too much food is almost as harmful as under-feeding. Most owners prefer to give a light meal in the morning and a solid evening meal. A four-month-old puppy should have about three meals a day until he reaches six months.

## PUPPY TALK—No. 1

NAME ..... AGE .....  
ADDRESS .....

I agree that the judges' decision will be final, and that no correspondence concerning this decision will be entered into.

Send your entries to: "Puppy Talk—No. 1," Box 5252 P.C., G.P.O., Sydney.

'Savlon'—

Antiseptic Lozenges

**'Savlon'**  
*Antiseptic*  
**LOZENGES**  
*The New, Sure*  
*way to relieve*  
**SORE THROATS**



**4/-**  
**AT YOUR**  
**CHEMIST**

'Savlon' Antiseptic Lozenges, containing Chlorhexidine, the powerful germ killer recently discovered by ICI chemists, will not harm sensitive mouth and throat tissues. Let pleasantly flavoured 'Savlon' Lozenges melt in your mouth and right away irritation is relieved—your throat feels easier—soon it will be free from infection entirely!

Made by the manufacturers of



**'Savlon'**  
**Antiseptic**  
**CREAM**

AT 39 A 6 1/2 ATUBE



**'Savlon'**  
**Antiseptic**  
**LIQUID**

AT 5 1/2 A BOTTLE



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD.

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# Onkaparinga

100% PURE WOOL **BLANKETS**

nature's guarantee of  
healthy restful sleep...



*Moth proofed for  
your protection!*

*So perfectly made  
they're guaranteed  
for 12 years*



Buy Onkaparinga and you're buying luxury pure wool comfort dressed in delightful new, colourful multichecks - perfectly blended pastel shades that will tone in delicately with your own bedroom settings. Fashion planned plain pastels, too, if you prefer them - all satin bound if you wish. For a thrilling wedding or anniversary gift, choose ONKAPARINGA... the world's finest blankets from the world's finest wool.

Obtainable from Leading Stores Throughout Australia

ONKAPARINGA WOOLLEN COMPANY LIMITED  
G.P.O. BOX 57 A, ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Makers of the famous ONKAPARINGA  
Pure Wool Rugs, Dressing Gowns and Fine Woollens

# Onkaparinga

Best in Australia ...Best in the World



# SCHOOL HOLIDAY SECTION



**TAKE  
A  
CARD**

**They're great  
fun for  
parties.**

● Card tricks need lots of showmanship to go over well, so practise a little patter and a few flourishes before you face your audience.

## Trick No. 1

**FIRST STEP:** Use a full deck of cards. Fan through them casually, face up, as though checking to see that the deck is complete. **NOTE THE THIRD CARD FROM THE LEFT.**

Leave that card in its place, but remove the other three cards of the same denomination. For example, if the third card from the left happens to be a four, remove the three other fours; if it's a Jack, remove the three other Jacks, etc. Let's suppose the third card is a King, and you've taken out the three other Kings.

**SECOND STEP:** Show the three Kings face up briefly and place them face down on the table. Put the rest of the deck face down alongside the Kings.

Now take the top card of the deck and put it face down to one side. On this card put a King from the pile of three, also face down.

Then add a card from the deck, then another King, then another card from the deck, and the last King—all, of course, face down.

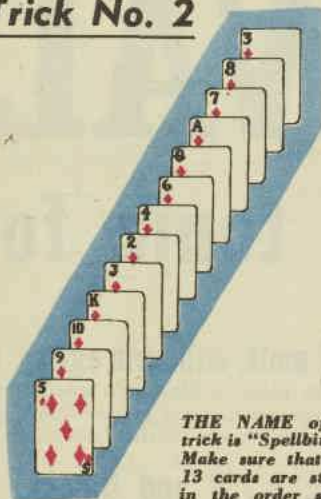
You have now stacked up six cards, alternately mixing those from the deck and the Kings. Apparently the three Kings have been broken up and mixed with the top three cards of the deck.

Now pick up all six cards and place them on top of the deck.

**THE CLIMAX:** Turn up the three top cards on the pile. They will all be Kings! Your audience, who expected the Kings to be "sandwiched" between the other cards, will be amazed.

**EXPLANATION:** The three Kings you turn up at the end are not the same Kings which you removed from the deck. Try this with a deck of cards right now and you'll soon see how it works.

## Trick No. 2



**THE NAME of this trick is "Spellbinder." Make sure that your 13 cards are stacked in the order shown.**

**MORE CARD  
TRICKS  
NEXT WEEK**

## CAN YOU READ IT?

**H**ERE'S how to make a secret code that really looks like a foreign language. Study the sentence below for a minute or two, perhaps you can read it:

**Itne verra insbut itpo urs.**

SOFTSILK GOLDEN SHAMPOO. The assembled sentence reads: "It never rains but it pours." Try!

# New Miracle Shampoo

## BEAUTY-WASHES YOUR HAIR WITHOUT DRYING OUT THE NATURAL OILS!



# Softasilk GOLDEN SHAMPOO



leaves your hair shining clean  
silken smooth and easy to manage

**ONE lather gives  
thorough cleansing**

LARGE SIZE 5/3  
REGULAR 3/3



Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean  
wherever you go. Take this  
handy travel bubble . . . . . 1/3



# Here's your answer

● Pulling the petals off a daisy to the chant of "He loves me, he loves me not" cannot tell a girl whether the young man on whom she has fixed her affection cares for her—and neither can I.

ONLY the youth in question can state his feelings, and here is a caution: Don't imagine you are deeply in love on the strength of one or two meetings.

A teenager wrote: "I am a rather attractive girl of 16 and love a boy

of 19. My mother approves of him. Once at a party he danced with me and talked to me quite a lot. Do you think he likes me? He doesn't know how I feel towards him. He lives quite a distance from me. Is there any way in which I can bring us together?"

No matter how attractive

you think this 19-year-old, you are giving yourself needless hours of misery by deciding, after your party meeting, that you love him.

It seems he enjoyed your company. If he wishes to continue the friendship, there is nothing to stop him writing or calling when next he is in your neighborhood.

By  
**LOUISE HUNTER**

That, however, is his move, and I think he would be considerably startled if he had any idea of the feelings you claim.

Your mother may approve of him. I don't think she would approve of your attitude towards him.

You have thought so much about the boy that your liking for him has got quite out of proportion.

Forget about loving him. You are only 16, remember, and you must have other interests—study, work, or hobbies—on which you could spend the time you now use thinking about him. You'll be much happier, too.

"I AM a girl in my teens and for the past six months I have been going out with a handsome boy whose company I enjoy. Recently I met another boy, four years my senior, who, although not as handsome as the first, has a very pleasant nature. I have been out with him only a few times, but when he kisses me I know I love him terribly. Although we did not say we would go steady, I am the only girl he takes out. As I am still going out with the first boy, I feel I am being unfair to him. I think they both know I am seeing the other, but each acts as if he



## A word from Debbie...

AMERICAN teenagers always have new ideas for fashion, food, and fads, and here are some of their latest:

Sniffing a sliced onion is back as a beauty trick to give a starry-eyed look. (Don't touch—or, if you like, wear gloves. Onion isn't hand perfume.)

A "Pussyfoot" is an English drink becoming a bit in Salt Lake City. It's a cup each of lemonade and limeade and one cup each of orange juice and grapefruit juice, plus five well-beaten eggs. This quantity serves six, and its supporters say it is surprisingly good.

If a girl tends to be dominated by the whims of her steady, the punsters say she's "Him-pecked."

Races are run with typewriters instead of cars in some schools. The fastest typist with the fewest mistakes is the winner.

Embroidering slippers with the name of a current flame is a Louisiana notion. When romance dies, the girl clips off the boy's name, sews an "X" on the spot, and usually embroiders a new name.

is the only one. Should I break off with both or one?"

"Blondie," Qld.

You love the second boy "terribly," in which case there should be no doubt in your mind on your decision.

As there is, you can't love him as much as you say, even though you may think so.

Don't worry too much. If both boys—handsome or not—like taking you out, know you go out with the other, and you have no serious understanding with either, go out with both and enjoy their company.

It will be time enough to worry when you are genuinely in love, and, who knows, it might not be with either. And when that happens you will not need advice from me.

"MY boy-friend takes me to the pictures about once a week and pays my fare home. As he doesn't earn too much money, I would like to pay sometimes. I asked my mother, but she said it would only embarrass him. Also, is there any harm in letting him kiss me goodnight? I am 16."

"Tassy," Tasmania.

Be guided by your mother. Always thank the boy for the evening, and show your appreciation by thoughtful, well-chosen birthday and Christmas gifts. He would like these more than an offer to pay for an outing, implying you do not think he can afford it.

You sound a sensible 16-year-old and there is no harm in a goodnight kiss.

## \*\*\*\*\* DISC DIGEST \*\*\*\*\*

KAY STARR is a world figure in the music business and has sold millions of records, but to me she always sounds a bit of a "whiner." Give me an out-and-out torch singer any time.

However, for all that, Miss Starr's fans will love her new LP titled "Swinging With the Starr," a collection of 16 standards which she originally recorded in 1945 and 1946.

The all-star bands who support her are true to name. Among the personnel are Barney Bigard, Joe Venuti, and Zutty Singleton, who make music all the way.

Kay swings her way through such favorites as "Star Dust," "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home," "Love Me or Leave Me," "After You've

Gone," and the now-seldom-heard "There's a Lull in My Life." Her "big voice" handling of "St. Louis Blues" is the outstanding track on HAA.2039.

THERE are so many types of jazz nowadays that the word has become almost too elastic to use in a general sense, but there's a new platter (PMDO.7513) that caters well for many collectors.

You'll hear numbers played in the traditional manner, in Chicago style, and "middle-of-the-road."

The most surprising and encouraging thing about all this versatility is that the disc has been recorded by the Cootamundra Jazz Band. Without waving the flag, I'd say that it can take its place

with most of the imported articles.

Tunes include "Ole Miss," the classic "Tin Roof Blues," "Hello, Lola," "I've Found a New Baby," and "Little Brown Jug."

I'M glad to see that at last an extract had been made from that glorious complete recording of "The Merry Widow" and put on to an extended play 45 r.p.m. disc (SELO.1559).

The artists are Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Erich Kunz, therefore the charm of the record speaks for itself.

You'll hear the full verses and choruses to "Vilia," "Silly Little Horseman," and the "Merry Widow Waltz."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

# NEW! CHOCOLATE OVALTINE

—most delicious of all tonic food drinks!



## \* EXTRA GOODNESS of malt, milk and eggs

This matchless combination of vital health foods is Ovaltine's special secret. Every rich granule of this superlative product has greater food value. No wonder Ovaltine gives you the glow of good health faster.

## \* EXTRA VITAMINS A, B<sub>1</sub>, D and Niacin

These are the vim and vigour vitamins that give you the power to get more out of life... that give you and your family more energy for work and play. Prove this to yourself by giving them Ovaltine every day.

## \* TWO GREAT FLAVOURS!

Yes! As well as delicious Chocolate Ovaltine there's the ever-popular Malt flavour. Whichever you choose you get all the famous Ovaltine goodness.

## \* ONLY OVALTINE GIVES YOU ALL 3

KING SIZE VALUE

# OVALTINE



Family Size, **5/3**  
Regular Size, **3/3**



Say it with...

Hotpoint

MOTHERS' DAY - MAY 11TH

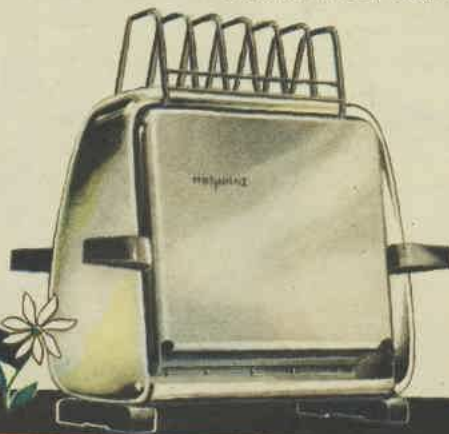
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**HOTPOINT AUTOMATIC FEATHERWEIGHT IRON SAVES 20 MINUTES EVERY IRONING HOUR** ... heats in a jiffy—stays at the correct temperature you select for all fabrics—no scorching. Half the weight—half the effort—this featherweight gives even the busiest housewife more time to relax ... £5/19/6 complete.

**HOTPOINT ELECTRIC JUG** ... boils water fast—up to 3½ pints of it! "Spilltray" protects table tops. Strong glazed cream vitreous porcelain will not flake or craze, £3/5/- complete

**HOTPOINT DE LUXE TOASTER** ... fast, even toasting. Brilliant plated finish, heat-resisting handles plus six-slice toast-rack. Adds a touch of toasting elegance to the table. £5/7/6 complete; £5/2/6\* (without toast-rack).



**NEW 2-IN-1 HOTPOINT STEAM AND DRY IRON** MAKES IRONING, PRESSING QUICK AND EASY!

... saves so much damping down. Temperature control eliminates scorching. Lightweight and comfortable, this time-saving Steam and Dry Iron breezes through ironing and pressing with ease. Hers for hours of leisure that makes ironing almost a pleasure, £10/10/- complete.



EASY TERMS!  
**5 Year Guarantee!**

**HOTPOINT "TRIPLEX" CLOTHES WASHER SAVES WORK, SAVES TIME** ... gets clothes really clean with the scientifically engineered Multi-vator triple washing action. Convenient fingertip controls, modern appearance and design in new fashionable colours plus famous Hotpoint lifetime dependability. £98/10/- Model BPL/1 without heater } Also 32-volt and petrol models £104/17/- Model BPL/2 with heater } for country use.

**THRILL MOTHER (and the whole family) with an A.E.I. EKCO Television Receiver—"Better than being there" ... you'll say!**

\*From Hotpoint Retailers Everywhere! Prices capital cities only except Perth.  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 7, 1958

Guaranteed by...

**AUSTRALIAN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES**

PTY. LIMITED

Australia's leading electrical organisation



# Let her play

M 15



## You can trust your children with this wool.

Although it is permanently mothproofed it is entirely non-toxic. MITIN is a mothproofing process devised by Geigy. It is applied to wool during manufacture, and cannot be applied

by the housewife. MITIN renders wool mothproof for the life of the article while leaving it entirely harmless to man and beast. MITIN has no effect on the outstanding properties of wool, and is not removed by washing, ironing, or dry-cleaning.



Look for the MITIN label when buying woollens, and be sure that they are safely mothproofed for life.

Geigy (Australasia) Pty. Ltd.  
Hale Street  
BOTANY (NSW)

**200**  
years Geigy

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 7, 1958



# Worth Reporting

A MAN who was led by his nose to the altar—literally—is Frenchman Roger Schir, who has just spent five days in Sydney and Melbourne talking about women and scent.

Export director for the perfume business of Carven of Paris, M. Schir is on a world business trip with his wife, a petite blonde, who, three years ago, was a director of a music-publishing firm.

"We met at a party and I noticed she was wearing a delightful scent," said M. Schir. "Then I identified it as one of our own. That settled it."

Though his wife is a "one perfume woman," M. Schir is only too happy to report that most women like to vary their perfumes.

Best customers? "Frenchwomen—they put perfume on like lipstick a dozen times a day."

M. Schir has a disturbing theory—that perfume can give away a woman's age.

"There is always one perfume per generation. It was violets and lavender before World War I; musky scents during the 'thirties; now they are young, often exotic."

And a fascinating fact—a Paris perfume house has done a roaring trade for 40 years with "Le Jardin de Mon Cœur" (My Parson's Garden).

"Women have kept buying it because it has such a safe, comfortable name," he says.



"You'd think a millionaire's daughter could afford more than ten shillings' worth of clothes."

## A lending library for paintings

A LENDING library with a difference has been started at Crawlers, Western Australia, by young furniture designer David Foulkes Taylor.

Instead of books, David lends original paintings. His library is an old boathouse converted into an attractive art gallery.

"Many people would like to own an original painting, but they're a bit scared in case the picture doesn't look good when they get it home," he says.

Borrowers can take their pick from nearly 70 paintings by such Western Australian artists as Elsie Blumann, Margaret Dunn, John Lunghi, Sam Fullbrook, and Guy Grey Smith.

Rental cost is 1-75th of the purchase price of pictures over £12; 1-50th for those under.

The rental is deducted if borrowers eventually buy the picture.

MELBOURNE gardener was having trouble with birds eating his grapes. He rigged up an effective deterrent for them, but is now having trouble with noisy neighbors.

Each time a bird lands on the string he has tied along the length of the vine it pulls another string, which lets off a firecracker in a nearby tree.

## Gay caps for deaf children

A GROUP of young South Australians are going to school wearing bright blue-and-gold caps and tam-o'-shanters.

The children are deaf and the gay caps are a unique safety device thought up by Miss Merle Jenkins, advisory teacher for deaf children in the South Australian Education Department.

"Parents are much happier that motorists can recognise at a glance that the children cannot hear," she told us, "and that they won't hear tooting, no matter how loud or for how long."

Young children aged from 2 to 7 years who attend the Gilberton Oral School wear caps with alternate panels of gold and blue.

Older ones, well trained by now in traffic rules, wear plain blue caps with a single gold panel in the front.

## Sculpture at the dinner-table

HAVING once coped with the housing problem of an almost life-sized statue—a modestly draped female, bequeathed to us by an aunt, which became the umbrella-and-coat stand in the minute hall of our city flat—we were fascinated at Sydney's David Jones' Art Gallery of "Small Sculpture for the Home."

"Just how small is small?" we asked sculptor Alan Ingham, president of the Society of Sculptors and Associates, who arranged the show.

"Nothing over three feet. Unless you've got a mansion, that's big enough," said Mr. Ingham, who spent four years in England studying with famous sculptor Henry Moore.

"Too many people," lamented Mr. Ingham, "think of sculpture as large bits of stone decorating public places. We're trying to show that a piece of sculpture is a good buy for the home, too."

The exhibition includes pieces in wire, wood, stone, and shiny aluminium. All would make for stimulating dinner-party talk.

IZVESTIA, the Soviet Government newspaper, is advising Russian working men to take their wives to eat in restaurants.

To give the girls a good time and get them away from household drudgery?

In a way, yes. Says Izvestia: "Relieved of such unproductive tasks as staying home and cooking for the family, your wife can spend more time at her factory bench."

# ELSA MAXWELL'S PARTY SECRETS

Continued from page 29

that at the core of each was simply a novel idea.

Imagination, ideas—they are what make a party. They are what will make you as a hostess.

The acid test of all entertaining is the extent to which guests enjoy themselves.

Position alone cannot make a good hostess. A likeable personality can—and here we have an intangible. For such a personality may be clever or stupid, pretty or plain, from any income bracket and any walk of life.

Likeableness is no respecter of pedigrees. Certainly it has little to do with wit or intelligence.

Not, I hasten to say, that innate likeableness is the exclusive property of delightful idiots. But brains alone are no guarantee of success in the social field.

On the other side of the coin are women whose intelligence only enhances their natural charm.

Elizabeth II of England would have possessed the same qualities of serene, unaffected sweetness and warmth mixed with wisdom that have made her loved the world over whatever her birthright. The same is true of the Queen Mother.

And, of course, the bright, beautiful Princess Margaret needs no buildup from me as a charmer.

Wherever Princess Margaret goes she scatters a special magic. She loves gaiety, courts it, and has been undeservedly criticised

for it, for with it all she works hard and conscientiously.

To my knowledge she seldom manages more than three hours of sleep a night, yet she is able to appear each day at whatever function the court calendar requires, fresh, radiant, bright of eye.

Added to all this, she is talented. She plays the piano and sings beautifully—and she can cook.

Perhaps you are one of the lucky ones—born likeable. But if you are one who finds easy friendship difficult—perhaps from shyness, perhaps from fear, perhaps from an unduly prejudiced mind—then you must do your level best to eliminate the trouble.

For fear and shyness can be overcome. By and large, even the most successful people approach a new situation in a state of enervating doubt.

You who suffer as hosts because of stunted self-confidence ought to derive some comfort from the knowledge that, nine times in ten, those seemingly all-of-a-piece people you meet and would love to cultivate are every bit as scared of you as you are of them.

Failing all else, try devising a mental defence or two. One man I know of hit on an ingenious trick.

"Whenever I feel myself in danger of being overawed by people," he said, "I simply undress them mentally. You've no idea what an edge it gives

you to be the only fully dressed one in the room!"

Less easy to overcome than shyness or fear is prejudice, and that is as it should be. Our likes and dislikes are, after all, what peg us as individuals.

The trouble is that while most of us are willing to experiment with new styles in dress and food we tend to shrink from experimenting with new styles in people.

It's a mistake to seek friendship only within the limits of common interest.

Parties are people, and the greater the variety of people the better the party. For this reason the clever hostess will widen her sights to cover many fields.

Just as tastes in people differ, so do tastes in parties.

The only sure way to discover your particular metier as a hostess is by trial and error.

Dinner parties are, of course, the backbone of all entertaining, and it's astonishing how many hostesses turn them into disasters.

The hostess is the pacesetter. If she is relaxed and confident of pleasing she will succeed. If she is tense and ill at ease she will fail. Here's where suiting your party to your manner of living is important.

What if you can't, single-handed, manage a sit-down dinner for eight?

What's wrong with a big bubbly pot of beans on the

buffet (always provided they are good beans, of course), a salad, a loaf, and everybody to help himself—if that is the kind of party you are best equipped to give?

Never entertain in a way that puts a strain on you.

On the other hand, if the buffet supper is your preference, beware of growing too casual.

Everyone, I am sure, has experienced the oversubscribed small-apartment party where some poor devil must either stand huddled in a corner or crouch, bone-sore, on the floor to eat his dinner, all in the name of "casual" entertaining.

By the same token, small seated dinners can turn into small seated nightmares if the hostess is unskilled in that form of entertaining.

Choice of guests here is of the greatest importance, or the hostess may find herself helpless to lift contrived and deadly conversation.

To you who are young and just trying your wings at party-giving, I say look at yourself, look at your friends, look at your house, look at your budget, and design your parties to suit your needs and capacities.

Don't be afraid to experiment. Give something new—if it is only a new face, a new game, a new way to glamorise macaroni.

NEXT WEEK: Elsa gives her candid, gossipy views on how celebrities rate as hosts and hostesses.

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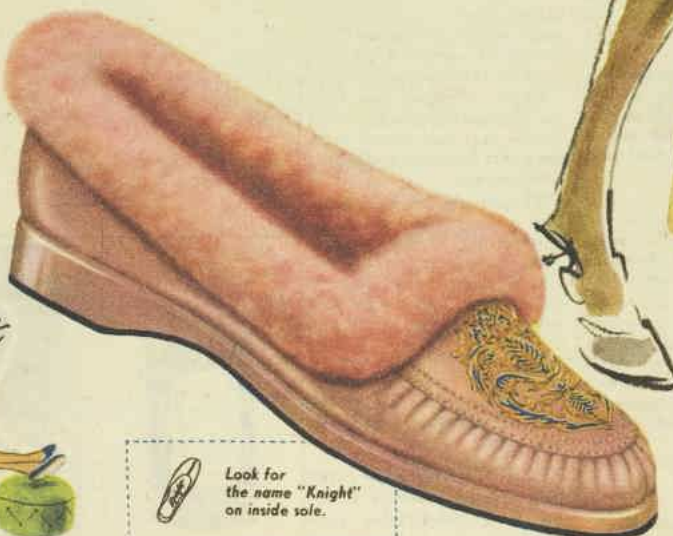
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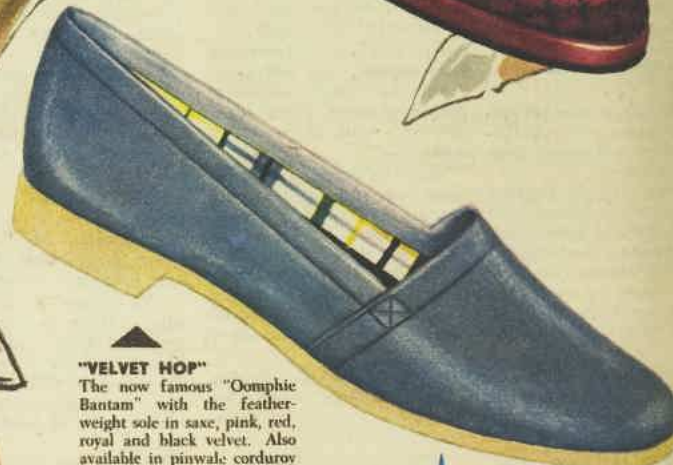


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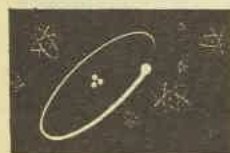
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## DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

This wool sheath, Empire-waisted and finished with a self-band and tailored bow, was chosen in answer to a reader's request.

HERE is the letter and my reply:

"My problem is a paper pattern for a sheath-dress with an Empire waist. I notice you draft patterns at request, so I hope you will do this one for me. My material is a fine wool with a white fleck. I want to wear the frock as soon as I can. Would you choose a style with short sleeves and a touch of white?"

The dress I have chosen in answer to your request incorporates the details you mentioned when writing. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the picture are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please tell me what sort of woollen fabrics are newest in winter fashion?"

Light fabrics with a bulky look, and those with a hairy and basket-weave surface. Wool crepe is another favorite, and tweeds, too.

"I WANT to make an autumn skirt. What is the most popular design?"

A slim skirt is very popular, so are the all-round knife-pleated and box-pleated skirts. Almost uniform in the slender-line skirt is the hem slit or pleat at the centre-back. By the way, the current skirtline is at least 2in. shorter than last season's.

"I AM going to stay in Melbourne early next September and, as I have to plan my clothes now, I was wondering if I should need anything warm."

The weather in Melbourne during September can be extremely cold. I think it essential to include a winter coat and suit in your luggage.

DS296: One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



"BECAUSE I am going north for a holiday, I would like to make a beach suit that I could also wear in town. My material is a floral cotton in sky-blue, white, and pink. My size is S.S.W."

I don't think there is anything nicer or more practical than a one-piece playsuit and matching skirt. The playsuit will look new if it is finished with a square-cut neckline and cuffed legs. Have the skirt

buttoned in front, with a separate cummerbund (in solid pink) to finish the waistband. The cummerbund can be worn with the playsuit or when the skirt converts the suit into a dress.

"IS it correct to wear an evening frock with a short skirt when attending a formal dance?"

Yes, it is. In Paris many formal evening dresses have the new very short skirtline.

Beauty  
in brief

## Fifteen minutes to glamor

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The surprise party date that gives you only a very short time to change and look your most glamorous needs a quick-fire routine. Here is a 15-minute bath that will leave you feeling and looking wonderful.

FIRST thing, run a bathtub full of pleasantly warm (not hot) water and drop into it a little bath oil. This scents the water—and you—deliciously, and provides a smooth, anti-chafe coating to your skin.

Put a few pins in vital curls and pull on a shower cap. (Towelled wrapped turban-wise round your head will do just as well.)

Put on a ten-minute beauty mask, get into the bath, and shut your eyes under a pair of refreshing eye-pads—either cotton-wool soaked in skin tonic or cold water, or special lotion.

For a few minutes prop up your feet on the edge of the tub—it's good for

circulation. Relax and let your mind go blank.

When you get out, pat—not rub—yourself dry, and give yourself a liberal dusting of talc, which makes it easier to slip into your underclothes.

A real luxury touch for these baths is a little head pillow which you can make out of foam rubber. Covered with plastic, it can get wet without harm and will float should it slip.

When you've taken off the mask and applied your make-up, splash your face with cold water, and pat dry. This "sets" the powder and makes for staying power in your glamor make-up.



## Continuing . . . Aunt Helen

[from page 21]

ill, nothing but seasonal colds, and flu, and things like that. I didn't see how he could possibly just stop living, like this. Can you tell what he really did die of?"

"It will take a post-mortem to say for certain; but yes, I can make a pretty close estimate. He died of a good large dose of one of the barbiturates, luminal or something like it. He's been dead several hours."

They stood looking at each other for a moment in an exchange of thoughts which needed no words. Then Bill said: "He had his coffee last night, as usual. I don't think he sat up late. I don't think he was working. But he drank his coffee. The tray's in the next room now, it hasn't been touched. That was right, wasn't it?"

And after a momentary struggle with the wave of panic that rose in him like a high tide he asked almost brusquely: "I don't know the proper drill—who sends for the police, you or me?"

**Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.**

— John Ruskin

Estelle and Gerard were in the hall together when Bill came downstairs at the doctor's heels. They were silent, and they were not looking at each other. Gerard stood near the window, staring out into the garden; Estelle was in a chair by the hearth, with the morning paper spread open in her hands, but the intense nature of her stillness and concentration did not suggest that she was reading it.

"I'm sorry!" said Bill rather wearily, "I'm afraid you've been shockingly neglected, I do apologise. But something pretty shattering has happened. I don't know if my aunt told you already—Uncle Philip died suddenly in the night."

It sounded curiously stilted to him, and completely unreal. Every time he said it or thought it it hit him hard under the heart again and made him gasp. It didn't seem to him that he could ever get used to it.

The paper crumpled sharply between Estelle's hands. Her eyes looked over it with a scared, wild gleam of violet light, animal in their alarm and defensive ferocity. But when the paper sank slowly into her lap her face was revealed in marble stillness, even her breath held for a moment.

"Dead?" she said in a whisper, not doubting, only, as it seemed, trying to grasp it, and her eyes flew to her husband. "But how?" But it was clear that she was not putting the question to Bill, and he made no attempt to answer it.

Gerard, turning so that the light was behind him and his face obscured, stared with dropped jaw and almost incredulous frown, and, having grasped the certainty of Bill's verdict, made appropriate noises of distress and dismay.

"How terrible! What a dreadful thing to happen, and what a shock for you! I can't tell you how sorry Estelle and I are to hear such sad news. If there's anything we can do to be of help—anything at all—please do count on us. Mrs. Greville—she'll be arriving by train—could I—?"

"Rachel Pharamond is meeting her," said Bill. "Thanks, all the same! Will you excuse me for a moment? I have to telephone the police."

He didn't know why he dropped the brutal fact in their laps like that, nor why he re-

coiled with so much distaste from Gerard Renaud's sympathy. Perhaps it had already become clear to his subconscious mind that someone in this household had poisoned Philip, and instinctively he was selecting for distrust the stranger simply because to look with doubt upon Margaret, or the servants, was altogether too fantastic as well as quite unbearable.

He saw Gerard's heavy jaw sag still further in amazement and consternation, or a good imitation of both. But what did that mean? No one in this house could afford to be anything but amazed and concerned from now on. He went to telephone, leaving Doctor Benson to meet the inevitable outcry.

"The police? But I don't understand! How can the police possibly come into the matter? You have examined Mr. Greville, I take it, Doctor—a most tragic death, and a terrible shock for his wife, but is there really any ground for supposing it to be anything but natural?"

Estelle sat mute, her hands gripping the arms of her chair, her eyes flashing with desperate shrewdness from one face to the other, like an animal making a lightning estimate of the possible boltholes out of a dangerous situation. Grief, if she had for one instant had grief in her eyes, was already gone; among so many nearer preoccupations there was no longer any room for it. She could think as quickly as Gerard, and see as far.

"Gerard, I feel that perhaps we could at least relieve Mrs. Greville of the burden of having guests at a time like this. She'll have more than enough trouble to face without that. And I'm sure she'd much rather have just her own family about her. If we're not needed, we could drive back to town today instead of on Tuesday. It might be the best way of helping."

"I'm afraid," said the doctor dryly, "that it may be necessary for you to stay. It will be for the police to say if you can leave, and when."

**G**ERARD moistened his grey lips. "The police!" His eyes flickered for an instant to his wife's face and were met by a look of wild, distrustful intelligence. "But surely they can't suppose that my wife and I know anything about Mr. Greville's death? The most casual of visits—a mere accident that we're here at all—"

"If Mr. Greville's death is not the result of natural causes," said the doctor patiently, "and I can tell you here and now that that's extremely unlikely, then there are just three possibilities: accident, suicide, and murder. Nothing about him ever suggested to me that suicide would be within his scope; to have an accident with what I take to be the agency of his death he would have to be in possession of it, and in the legitimate habit of taking it, which emphatically he was not."

"I'm his doctor, I know the full tale of the drugs I've ever prescribed for him, and they're precious few in any case, and this one isn't among them. And that makes the third possibility loom a little larger than is quite comfortable, Mr. Renaud. The police have their job to do. They'll tell you when you can leave here—but I don't think it will be today."

Gerard did not pursue the suggestion of leaving; he was perfectly aware that anxiety and indignation were to be

dissembled at all costs. Instead, he asked at once: "But what is it you think he's taken? What drug?"

"One of the barbiturates, probably luminal. Something I'm convinced he never took in his life before. I doubt if there's even any in the house."

"Yes," said Margaret's quiet voice from the doorway, "there is."

She had come in unnoticed from the kitchen, and stood just within the room. She had been crying, and it had done her good; her face was wreathed but calm, with the determined, competent, roused calm of someone who has emerged successfully from an intense crisis.

"I had luminal tablets once," she said to the doctor, "on a prescription from your locum, when you were away in hospital yourself—do you remember? It must be nearly three years ago now. He gave me a bottle of fifty—I dare say he was over-enthusiastic, he was that kind of young man. I don't think more than a dozen or fifteen were ever taken, but I can't try to guess how many there ought to be in the bottle. It's so long since I even looked at it."

"And where is this bottle now?" asked Doctor Benson.

"Gerard and I could hardly know anything about it, could we?" Estelle put in rapidly. "Only someone who lived in the house could possibly know you had any such tablets."

The fight was on already, the fight to step back out of the spotlight, and leave someone else blinded in its glare. Estelle would have no mercy and no scruples. Was she more afraid than other people, or only quicker in realisation of danger? Bill, coming back from telephoning, heard the note of resolute self-interest in her voice, and wondered bitterly if he was soon going to be elbowing his way past her towards the escape doors.

"They're in the bathroom cabinet," said Margaret, "and available to anyone who happened to look in there for a styptic pencil or the iodine. There's no secret about them, and they've never been under lock and key because we've taken it for granted that everyone in the house was an adult, and responsible. I dare say they ought to have been locked up, but they never were."

"Would you mind," asked the doctor, "if I took charge of them?"

"I should be very glad if you would. If, of course, they're still there."

They were still there. Within two minutes the doctor came downstairs again, carrying the little bottle carefully in a folded handkerchief. It was that handkerchief, more than any other detail, that underlined the real state of the case. Bill stood staring at it, and his mind was recapitulating feverishly some broken echoes from Thursday evening, and fitting them together into the framework of this tragedy—"It would mean getting hold of something lethal by strictly private means—but it needn't be something that left no trace, the traces would only end in mid-air. Then all you would have to do would be to keep your nerve."

"Look at it, Margaret." The doctor held out the little phial on the palm of his hand, still shielded by the handkerchief. "Does it seem to you less full than it ought to be?"

"I don't know. I can't possibly say. Once the cotton-wool's out of the neck, you know, the bottle's already nearly half-empty. At this half-way stage, ten tablets, more than ten, could be taken out, and still leave it looking much

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To page 49





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the same. I told you, I don't know how many there ought to be, and it would be wrong to start guessing."

"There may, in any case, be fingerprints, of course," said the doctor.

But there won't, thought Bill. That's of the essence. Whoever took Philip's tip and killed him had the whole idea fresh in his mind, detective-story fashion, straight from the horse's mouth. He wouldn't forget about fingerprints. He had an expert tutor.

And I was there, too, he thought, remembering things he would have preferred to forget. I spent the last few days quarrelling with him, all the household knows it, the rector knows it, the doctor knows it. I wanted him to release my money, and he wouldn't, and everybody will think: "It suits Bill much better to have Helen stepping into his trustee's shoes, he can get what he wants out of Helen." Once I even said something absurd, in a temper, after he'd been making fun of me. "Over my dead body!" he said, and I said—

A wave of burning heat swept through him as he remembered what he had replied, like a spiteful child screaming: "I hate you! I'll kill you!" when all it means is: "I can't get my way with you!" He didn't know whether he felt more frightened or ashamed, but the dull, miserable ache that filled his mind and heart did not seem to go with the fright part of his reactions.

The hum of the car turning in from the road, and the crunch of wheels on gravel, made them all spring round to look through the french windows, long before the car had time to make the circle of the house and enter their view.

"That will be the police," said the doctor, almost with eagerness. For things mechanical the doctor had no ear at all; for the note of this engine was immediately recognisable to Bill as that of the rector's car.

"It's not the police," he said. "There hasn't been time. It's Helen!"

He plunged across the room impetuously, before any of them could forestall him and make a hash of the unbearable business, which was dreadful enough already. He sprang through the open french windows and down the steps into the garden, and ran to meet Helen as she stepped out of the car.

She was intensely pale, and yet he had never noticed her brightness so clearly. It was as if she were lit from within, incandescent with her ecstasy of anxiety and foreboding. Her eyes, beneath the lucid forehead, were wide in wonder and dread, and already seemed to be staring at tragedy, but with a superhuman tranquillity.

She said: "Bill!" on an almost inaudible breath, and extended her gloved hands to him in appeal, and he flew to take them, to put an end to that hopelessly pathetic gesture of theirs in mid-air. He drew her by them closely, warmly against him, and shut his arms tightly round her, and held her like that all the time he was speaking to her, his cheek against her hair.

She had left her foolish little white hat, and her handbag and scarf, in the car. Rachel, quietly gathering them up after her, watched the meeting with interest, and found it enlightening, as well as moving.

Poor Bill, she thought, I wonder if that's why he's been so mad to get away, miles away, a continent away. If it is he hasn't an inkling of it himself, he thinks he feels towards her as a good son ought to feel—but it looks as if some bit of him, deep inside, has been uneasy for a long time, years

## Continuing . . . Aunt Helen

from page 47

maybe, feeling that there was something wrong in quality, something excessive, about his feelings towards his uncle's wife. And Philip's death hardly resolves that, does it? Poor Bill!

She was proud of her detachment, but it did not prevent her from feeling a certain unpleasantly perceptible pain which did not, on the whole, appear to be entirely on Bill's behalf. No wonder he's never paid any attention to girls of his own age, no wonder he couldn't even see them, with that blinding light in between.

"Darling," said Bill, quite softly and slowly, putting into his voice all the molten affection that filled his heart to bursting, "something terrible has happened while you've been away, and you must be very brave, and remember that we all adore you, and rely on you, and would do anything, anything in the world, to help you, or keep you from unhappiness. Please forgive me if I was wrong. I couldn't bear you to hear it from anyone but me, or anywhere but here at home, where at least there'll be pri-

lost him. He loved you as long as he lived, and he didn't even know he was leaving you, so for him there wasn't any ugliness or regret at all. And that's what matters."

Where had he found this unaccustomed eloquence? Nothing but love could have made him so fluent. Even at a moment like this Helen was able to find something amusing, as well as infinitely touching, in the measure by which Bill had excelled himself, for she was smiling through unshed tears as she reached up and kissed his cheek.

"My dear, my dear!" was all she said for a moment; and then, drawing herself a little away from his supporting arms, which at once released her: "I'll go to him. Don't worry about me, Bill—I shall be all right." Her voice was remote but firm; it came clearly from steady lips.

When she walked towards the french windows she looked neither to right nor left and nobody ventured to intrude upon her loneliness, even with

with that glittering stillness and said in a quiet, direct, and level voice:

"A police car has just turned in at the gates with two officers in it. You had better go down, Bill, and let them in."

The police were in almost constant possession of Philip's study for three days. They interviewed and questioned and took fingerprints and went over the events of Good Friday again and again with every member of the household; but they did not extract from anyone the gist of the conversation which had taken place on Thursday evening. Philip himself had given them all the most explicit instructions on how to deal with this situation. "All you have to do is keep your nerve, admit nothing, know nothing, do nothing. The traces will end in mid-air among half a dozen people who shared the same opportunity."

Did the police even discover any of the possible motives that were thick in the air of the house? Bill had only realised them himself, had only grown sensitive to their implications, after the event, when he saw Gerard and Estelle staring at each other with bleak and ferocious hatred through their masks of solidarity and affection, as they stood together shoulder to shoulder against the world. Not out of love, that was certain! Out of self-interest.

I will swear black white for you, because it is the only way I can hope to induce you to swear black white for me. I will know nothing, absolutely nothing, of any compromising relationship you may have had with Philip Greville on the strict though unspoken understanding that you will suppress what you know about me. Nothing was ever said, no such bargains ever made in words; that was not necessary. These two understood each other as completely as they hated each other.

"We sat here for perhaps ten minutes after Miss Greville had said goodnight," Gerard had said at his first interview, "and then we went up to bed."

"Together?"

"Of course, together." There had been no need for any prior agreement between them on this point. They had drawn together instinctively in the impregnable lie. No one had heard them quarrel, no one had seen them part. No one could prove they were lying, even if Bill, grown abnormally sensitive now to the stresses round him, vibrated in protest like a truth machine when they made their flat statements.

And that left him, last to go up to bed that night, with no one to lie for him, or at least only by suppression. He had gone up the stairs alone after the house was quiet; he even hesitated for a long minute outside Philip's door, he had—oh, heavens, he'd touched the coffee pot, he might have left distinguishable prints on it! He could have dropped luminal tablets into it easily enough; he could have taken them from the bathroom at any time that day or days beforehand, they were always available to him.

So much for an opportunity. What about motive? The Renauds would know nothing, though they could not choose but know how the whole house had been uneasy with his fretting after escape, and how Philip had said flatly in front of them all that he would not, in any circumstances, let him have the means to go off to Canada with Lawson. Margaret and Helen would not lie, perhaps, but they wouldn't volunteer any information on that



vacy for you, and little things left to comfort you. Darling—it's Philip. He—Helen, he—

He faltered, seeing her face sharpen into a crystal clarity and awareness, and her eyes fix suddenly on the open windows where the others had appeared one by one, all but the one for whom she looked.

"Philip!" she said, in a still, thoughtful tone, to herself rather than to him. "I don't see him—he isn't here." She drew herself erect in the boy's arms, and stared into his face; and in acknowledgment of his pain she even smiled a little. "My dear, don't distress yourself so! If you can say it, I can hear it. Tell me. I shan't make it worse for you. Philip is—"

"He's dead," said Bill very gently. "We found him dead in bed this morning. When he didn't come down to breakfast we were worried, Margaret and I, and she went to wake him, and he was dead. Doctor Benson's here now. After he'd seen him he waited because there's something more, you see, Helen; something wrong about the death. We think he'd taken some tablets that killed him in his sleep."

He almost wished to keep back the last blow, but while she stood so straight and composed in his arms and watched him with that pale and resolute face, he could not affront her by hiding anything. "We've had to call in the police. The doctor can't give a certificate. There'll have to be an inquest, to find out the real cause of Philip's death. Darling, you are not to think at all about that—we will take care of everything."

"Don't let any of the complications weigh on your mind, or make the thing ugly for you. Where you and Philip are concerned there's nothing ugly at all—it's just simply that you've

sympathy. Bill followed her at a respectful distance across the hall and up the staircase and waited humbly outside Philip's door in case she should need him.

Helen closed the door and was alone with her husband. Bill sat on the stairs and waited for what seemed a very long time watching but not seeing the constrained movements, hearing but not comprehending the nervous and rare utterances of the others down below. Rachel had come in and was talking in low tones to Margaret there beside the window. In her short red duffle coat and slim grey skirt, with her dark fringe ruffled, she looked like an athletic schoolgirl until you remarked the power and profundity of the face.

**B**ILL had never really looked at it before, but now it was perhaps the only thing he could see clearly in all the great room below, the only thing that had an authenticity of its own even at this extreme crisis, when all his senses were concentrated on that closed door which separated him from Helen in her grief. He didn't blame her for shutting him out with the rest; his distress was all for her, not for himself.

At the first touch of her hand at the door he was on his feet, ready to stay or go, to embrace and hold her or draw back and let her alone, just as she should wish. She came out of the room with a slow, composed step, closing the door behind her. Her face was in shadow, he saw only the immense luminous blueness of her eyes shining in the dimness, and then the softer glimmer of her pale face. She was perfectly calm. No, this was something quite different in quality, more than serenity; she was exalted. She looked at him

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To page 58



# THE LAUNDRY NEED NOT BE A CINDERELLA ROOM

● Still neglected in many houses, the laundry is gradually becoming a room of beauty—practical beauty, perhaps—but a place of gleaming equipment and clean, clear colors.



**A**USTRALIANS still tend to regard the laundry as a necessary evil—the least considered section when they are planning a house.

We discovered this fact when we were searching Sydney for photogenic laundries. Several architects, regarded as "advanced contemporary" in their outlook, were hard put to find laundries in any of the new houses they had designed which were worthy of more than a cursory glance.

Far from being the most neglected corner of the house—the dump room on which the door is kept closed—a modern, well-planned laundry, attractively but simply decorated, can give a housewife pride.

To be efficient, a laundry must be as carefully planned and equipped as a kitchen.

A washing-machine may be the beginning of a modern

laundry, but it is by no means the end.

The laundry chore can be divided into four main tasks:

- Preparation,
- Washing,
- Drying,
- Finishing.

Each of these tasks requires its own planned section in the laundry.

Preparation consists of sorting, mending, removing stains, emptying pockets, soaking deeply soiled garments, special soaping of ingrained dirt.

It requires ample table space, with handy shelves or cupboards to hold stain removers, sponging cloths, basin, soap powders and bars.

Sewing materials should also be at hand. It is convenient to have the laundry and sewing-room combined, because the work done in each is closely related.

The washer and tub, then automatic dryer or outside

clothesline handle the next two steps.

Starches, bleaches, and blue should be kept in a handy place.

The man of the house may be prevailed upon to make a small cabinet with graduated shelves, and fix it to the walls near the washer.

A helpful piece of equipment is a trolley on which to wheel the heavy laundry basket to the line.

## Ironing section

The well-equipped finishing section contains an adjustable ironing-board, heat-controlled iron, or combination steam-dry iron, possibly automatic ironer, as well as all the smaller accessories, such as sprinkler, ironing cloths, drying rack, clothes hangers, drying forms for socks, sweaters, and gloves.

It may not be possible to purchase all the latest laundry gadgets at once—plan for them over the years. If the layout of the laundry is good, equipment can be fitted into place as it is acquired.

Even without mechanical equipment, well-considered planning of a new laundry, or reorganisation of the old-style washhouse, will assist the smooth running of the chore.

New fabrics—the quick-drying synthetics, no-iron and

reliable colorfast cottons—the latest detergents and soap powders, bleaches, and starches, and today's casual fashions for children and adults have all contributed to the revolution in the laundry.

Statistics show that the Australian women who have washing-machines are mostly in the under-44 age group. Some older women are prejudiced against them, their strongest objection being the fallacy that a washing-machine does not get the clothes clean.

With a combination of the correct technique in using a machine, knowledge of the fabric to be cleaned, the right amount and type of cleaning agent, and hot water, a washing-machine cleans as well as, if not better than, boiling in a copper.

Some women argue that a washing-machine will wear clothes out more quickly than old-style washing.

The action of a good machine is designed to shake the dirt out of the clothes without taking the life out of them.

Overwashing in a machine will wear the clothes out; and any tears should be mended before they are put in.

Some women fear the combination of water used with electricity. All modern machines meet the regulations and tests so well that danger of this kind is virtually negligible.

Then there are the women who say: "I've done without a washing-machine all my married life, so I can go on doing without."

Probably the sight of Mum slaving and tiring herself with the weekly wash has convinced younger housewives that a washing-machine is far the better method.

## No need for sun

Washing-machines will wash all types of garments, from dainty underwear to heavy quilted robes. Blankets, too, can be washed well, especially in an automatic machine, if the instructions given are followed exactly.

Some fragile pieces are best done by hand.

As for automatic dryers, many women argue that they prefer to dry their clothes in the fresh air and sunshine. They believe the sunshine sterilises the clothes.

Maybe it does, but any germs exposed to the hot air of the dryer will almost certainly be killed, too. And many of the new synthetic fabrics are best dried out of the sun.

The most convincing argument in favor of an automatic dryer is that the washing can be done and finished even on a rainy day.

For a mother with dozens of baby's napkins to wash an automatic dryer is invaluable.

**MAXIMUM LIGHT** comes into this spacious, attractive laundry (below) at Bellevue Hill, Sydney. The home in which it is situated was judged "House of the Year, 1956," and is built facing north, on a series of terraces. The bright yellow-tiled laundry walls set off the utility white of the automatic washing-machine (left), porcelain tubs, and electric copper. The towel rack below the tubs allows the piping to be hidden by a gay towel. When not in use the ironing-board folds up against the wall. A useful shelf is above the sorting table.





**ONLY COLOR NOTE** in this modern all-white laundry is supplied by the clothes which are handled so efficiently by its "assembly-line" plan. A trolley brings soiled clothes to the sorting bench, wheels them on to the automatic washer (right), thence to the automatic dryer. They then return to the bench for final sorting and ironing.



## Washing is so easy here

● Perfectly planned and equipped, the beautiful laundry shown on this page is every woman's idea of a "dream" laundry. It incorporates many new ideas the owner saw while she was on a recent visit to America.

**T**HE laundry is on the top floor of Mrs. Anthony Hordern's new house at Point Piper, overlooking Sydney Harbor.

Mrs. Hordern, who designed the laundry herself, took as much pride in showing it to us as she did in the remainder of her beautiful home.

"In America," she said, "even the smallest homes have well-designed laundries."

Hers is planned for the smoothest possible running, turning washing into an enjoyable pastime instead of a burdensome chore.

The laundry's appearance suggests cleanliness with its polished cork floor, white-enamelled walls, white automatic washing-machine, two white porcelain tubs, white automatic dryer, and workbench covered in white plastic.

The laundry has an "assembly-line" system that begins with the double-decker trolley, equipped with flat, open baskets that were specially made by the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W.

This trolley is wheeled to the bedrooms, carrying clean clothes in one basket, bringing back soiled ones in the other.

When not in use, the trolley can be wheeled into its place under the bench, where it fits neatly out of the way.

Under the bench are shelves for four more baskets, into which the clothes are sorted.

One holds clothes for mending — a sewing-machine (not shown in the picture) and full sewing kit stand in one corner of the laundry; another basket holds clothes to be dry-cleaned; another takes the hand-washing. The fourth basket holds washed clothes ready to be ironed.

Each basket has a tag label

so anyone can do the washing without upsetting the smooth routine.

Underneath the porcelain tubs are tip-out cupboards in which are kept bottles of bleaches and disinfectants and soap powders.

Clothes are either finish-dried in the automatic dryer or placed in the drying cupboard (at left).

Blankets, even when quite damp, can be hung in this. A special electric fan heater supplies hot air, and ceiling vents take away the moisture.

The roomy workbench, built of maple wood, allows ample space for initial sorting, and later for damping and folding of clothes.

At the end of the bench, facing the automatic dryer, is a small cupboard in which are kept stain-removers, pads for ironing, absorbent papers, cloths for ironing woollens, and distilled water for the steam iron.

In the centre of the bench a drawer-door is pulled down to reveal an ironing-board that slides out and has a leg that lets down to support it. A drawer beside the ironing-board contains towels for wrapping damped clothes, rubber gloves, and other cloths.

The basket containing clothes to be ironed is right beside the board.

Also close at hand are a sleeve-board, the steam iron, ordinary heat-controlled iron, and an automatic ironer.

There is a tall stool for use when ironing, and a rack at right on which finished dresses can be hung.

Washing is so easy in this laundry that household odds and ends can be done every day. This means that nothing ever gets too soiled to make washing difficult.

Mrs. Hordern found the



**CLOSE-UP OF THE BENCH** showing useful drawers and space underneath into which the trolley fits neatly out of the way. The benchtop is covered in a white plastic composition that can easily be wiped clean.

laundry a tremendous boon when her daughter, with her baby, recently stayed in the house.

"The daily washing for baby was just no trouble at all," she said.

When the room is not in use there is nothing in sight. With everything away in its appointed place, the room is completely clear—a far cry from the old-fashioned wash-

house which can so easily degenerate into the household dump room.

Before we left, Mrs. Hordern showed us a really cunning piece of designing.

The centre of the workbench folds out to double its width, to make an excellent table for cutting out, and completes a beautifully designed laundry, which can also be used as a sewing-room.





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## Cake wins £5 prize

● A delicious layered chocolate and coffee cake filled with an orange-flavored cream and covered with a rich frosting wins the £5 main prize this week.

**THOSE** who prefer chocolate flavor instead of mocha can omit the coffee powder in both the cake and frosting mixtures in the prizewinning recipe.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to a recipe for fish potato souffle, which makes a simply prepared and appetising dish for luncheons or weekend teas.

All spoon measurements are level.

### MOCHA FUDGE CAKE

One cup grated cooking chocolate or  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cocoa, 1 teaspoon coffee powder, 2-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, extra 1 cup sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, extra 1 scant cup milk, 8oz. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder.

Place chocolate, coffee powder, sugar, vanilla, and milk in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar has dissolved. Do not allow to boil. Remove from heat; allow to cool. Cream butter with extra sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in extra milk, beat until smooth; then add cooled chocolate mixture. Lastly fold in sifted dry ingredients. Pour mixture into 2 well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins and bake in



TEMPTING to look at and good to eat is this mocha fudge cake. Serve it as illustrated above and you are sure to win praise from family and friends.

moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Split each cake in half, join layers with orange filling, and cover with mocha fudge frosting.

**Orange Filling:** Three tablespoons butter, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar, orange juice.

Beat butter until soft, gradually add icing-sugar; add sufficient orange juice to make it a spreading consistency.

**Mocha Fudge Frosting:** Three cups sifted icing-sugar, 6oz. dark chocolate (grated), 2 eggs, 4oz. butter or mar-

garine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 dessertspoon coffee powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Melt chocolate in basin over boiling water, remove from heat. Add icing-sugar, coffee powder, and hot water. Gradually add beaten eggs and butter, a spoonful at a time; add vanilla. Stand basin in pan of iced water, beat vigorously until thickened. Spread over cake.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Reynolds, Nelson St., Rye, Vic.

### FISH POTATO SOUFFLE

One cup cooked flaked fish or tinned fish cutlets,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mashed potato,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste.

Combine butter and tomato sauce with mashed potato. Add fish, lemon juice, beaten egg-yolks, parsley, and milk; mix well. Season with salt and pepper. Beat egg-whites with rotary beater until stiff. Carefully fold into fish and potato mixture. Turn into greased ovenproof dish and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until set and lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Stirling, Kent St., Beenleigh, Qld.

## FAMILY DISH

LAMB or mutton neck chops make this week's family dish. You'll like the crunchy cheese topping. The dish costs five shillings and ninpence and serves four.

### LAMB AND CHEESE BAKE

Four or five large best neck chops, 2 carrots, 1 large onion, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups stock or water, 1 dessertspoon gravy powder, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup crumbled plain savory biscuits, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Coat chops with seasoned flour, brown on both sides in hot fat, place in casserole dish. Brown sliced onion and carrot in pan, place in casserole. Blend gravy powder with stock or water, season well with salt and pepper, pour into dish. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1½ hours or pressure cook 20 minutes. If cooked in pressure cooker, transfer to heatproof dish when cooked. Cover top with crumbled biscuits and cheese mixed together, dot with butter or substitute, and grill under hot grill until crisp.

## New Knitting Book on sale now

**EVERY** woman who knits will want a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly new knitting book, "Knitwear Fashions, 1958," now on sale.

The 48-page book gives smart new hand-knits for every member of the family.

There is a big section of women's sweaters, including casuals and party wear, plus several bulky knits for ski-ing and sailing.

Another big section contains warm, pretty, and practical clothes for children, and the third section gives new designs for men's handknits, including a novel tennis shirt and the ever-popular socks.

In addition, there is a design for an old favorite—the knitted car rug. Simple to do in a plain pattern, it is an ideal way to use up colorful scraps of wool.

Order your copy of our "Knitwear Fashions, 1958" from your newsagent now. Price 2/-.



BASED on one of the traditional Isle of Aran designs which are so popular, this casual sweater is a smart new winter pattern in our 1958 knitting book.

## ACHES and PAINS like this?



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# PINEAPPLE CONTEST

Readers can win big cash prizes for recipes

● The Australian Women's Weekly this week begins a splendid new cookery contest in which big cash prizes will be awarded for the best recipes containing pineapple.

The total amount of prizemoney to be won by readers is £1235, including the Grand Champion Prize of £500. Our pineapple contest begins today, so start sending your entries.

ANYONE who is the least bit interested in cooking can enter—housewives, teenagers, or the men who like to potter in the kitchen. Just send in as many of your favorite recipes as you like, but remember the one essential ingredient is pineapple.

You can use pineapple in any form for your recipes—fresh, tinned, juice, candied, or any other way.

There are three sections in the competition. They are:

- MEAT
- DESSERTS
- CAKES

Enter one or all of the sections and be in the running to win one of the many prizes.

The recipe our panel of judges selects as the best entered in the contest will win a Grand Champion Prize of £500. This Champion Prize can come from any one of the three sections.

Each section carries its own prizes, starting with a £100

First Prize. Second Prize in each section is £50, Third is £20, and Fourth is £5. There are also 30 consolation prizes of £1 each to be awarded in each section.

In addition to the main prizes, three progress prizes will be awarded each week.

Starting in our issue of May 28, we will publish a recipe selected by our judges from each of the three sections. The senders of these three recipes will be awarded a progress prize of £5 each.

These three progress prizes will be published each week until the contest closes with our issue of July 16.

The main prizewinners will be announced in a later issue.

Winning the progress prize will not mean that a recipe is out of the running for the big prizes. The weekly progress prizewinners can still win one of the main prizes in their sections or the Grand Champion £500 prize.

All entries will be opened and the recipes judged by The Australian Women's Weekly food and cookery experts. Our judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

The three sections give competitors a very wide range for their entries.

In the Meat Section, pineapple can be combined with various cuts of meat to provide unusual flavor contrasts in special occasion or everyday recipes.

In the Desserts Section, recipes for hot or cold dishes can be enhanced by the addition of pineapple in any of its forms—crushed, diced, crystallised, in chunks, or in slices.

In the Cakes Section, pineapple in any of its forms can be used as the predominating flavor in the mixture for large or small cakes, or to enhance the flavor in either fillings or frostings.

Start thinking now and send us your favorite pineapple recipes.

Family recipes, recipes collected over the years, and recipes you have made up yourself—all are possible prizewinners.

All you have to do is to write your recipe or recipes clearly on a piece of paper, attach your name and address to each sheet, mark the recipe according to its section (Meat, Desserts, or Cakes), and send it to Pineapple Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You can send in as many pineapple recipes as you wish, but please write each one on a separate piece of paper.

To simplify judging and testing of recipes, please use Australian standard weight or cup measures. Use level spoon measurements.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.



## PRIZE LIST

HERE are the prizes to be awarded in our Pineapple Contest:

**Grand Champion Prize**  
(Best recipe entered in competition) . . . . . £500

**First Prize in each of the three sections** . . . . . £100

**Second Prize in each section** . . . . . £50

**Third Prize in each section** . . . . . £20

**Fourth Prize in each section** . . . . . £5

Thirty £1 consolation prizes will be awarded in each section. In addition, three £5 Progress Prizes will be awarded each week.

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**HERE'S A HAPPY MAN!** And who wouldn't be, with a fine son and — a wise wife. You see, she knows the value of Lux-care for all her family's clothes. His sweater has always been Lux-washed. That's why it looks so new, so soft, and colour-fresh. **BABY, TOO,** gurgles happily in Lux-washed things that never, never chafe his tender skin, clothes that are Lux-washed every day! **HIS WIFE** knows that you cannot buy a soapier or gentler product than Lux. Those transparent diamonds, made from purest soap, dissolve into the silkiest lather you've ever seen, search out every particle of dirt, and leave each delicate fibre soft and springy as new.



That's why the makers of Twinprufe Wools advise: "Bar soaps and harsh washing methods may harm the soft springiness of delicate wool fibres: Lux gives woollens the gentle washing care they need." So, if it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux.

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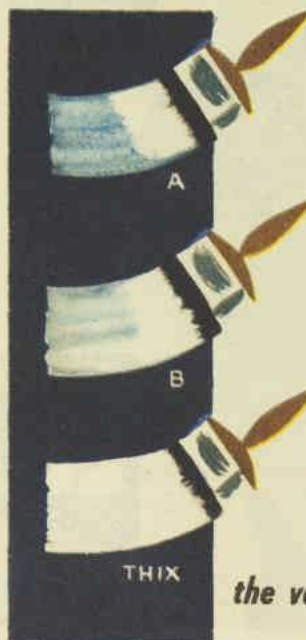
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You can put the paints on the wallboard yourself — or we'll do it for you.

The different results will be no more exaggerated than the graph we show at left. Paints A and B give a "one coat" cover with varying degrees of success.

You'll see that Thix gives a completely satisfactory one coat cover in any color with brush or roller.

**THIX**

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A632

DESIGNED to fit neatly into a block with a 50-foot frontage, this home combines flat and skillion roof sections over different parts of the house.

## Simple plan is easy to construct

● Simplicity, both in design and construction, is the keynote of this week's home plan. It is a compact and attractive home that achieves a feeling of comfort and freedom.

THIS signature plan, by Melbourne architect F. T. Humphrys, is one of many standard plans available from our Home Planning Centres. See the addresses in panel.

The design is contemporary, with a flat roof over the main section and a skillion sloping to the rear over the bedroom wing.

The eaves are wide and low-pitched to give plenty of shade and protection from glare. The surrounding terraces eliminate any possible hemmed-in feeling.

In the perspective sketch above, the house is shown in weatherboard, the boards being placed alternately in vertical and horizontal lines to give interest and variety to the outside.

### Sheltered area

The flat roof over the porch can be extended to form a carport. As well as providing shelter for the car, this area becomes a covered play space in hot weather and is an extra outdoor area for entertaining.

The laundry is a neat, compact unit. With the tubs and washing-machine along one wall, the family wash can be done with a minimum of effort.

Well-placed windows allow a maximum of light and air, plus a pleasant outlook for the housewife. There is direct access to the drying area and a covered porch to keep the laundry cool.

Plumbing, always a major expense item in home-building, has been kept to an economical level by the planned arrangement of the service areas. Kitchen, bathroom, toilet, and laundry are grouped together for efficiency.

Bathroom and toilet are conveniently placed near the bedrooms, but there is also access from outside. This means the family can go direct to the bathroom to wash with-

out bringing dirt from the garden into the living areas.

Three bedrooms are at the back of the house. A high-light window in one wall of the master bedroom gives plenty of light while retaining privacy on that side.

Here are the approximate costs for this economical home:

In Canberra: Brick £4925; brick veneer £4450; timber £3725.

In New South Wales: Brick £4825; brick veneer £4350; timber £3625; fibro £3300.

In Victoria: Brick £4325; brick veneer £3900; timber £3200; fibro £3100.

In South Australia: Brick £3450; asbestos £3050.

In Queensland: Brick £4825; timber £3200; fibro £3100.

### Our centres

THIS plan and hundreds of other standard plans can be bought from our Home Planning Centres for £7/7/- per full set. Addresses are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre.

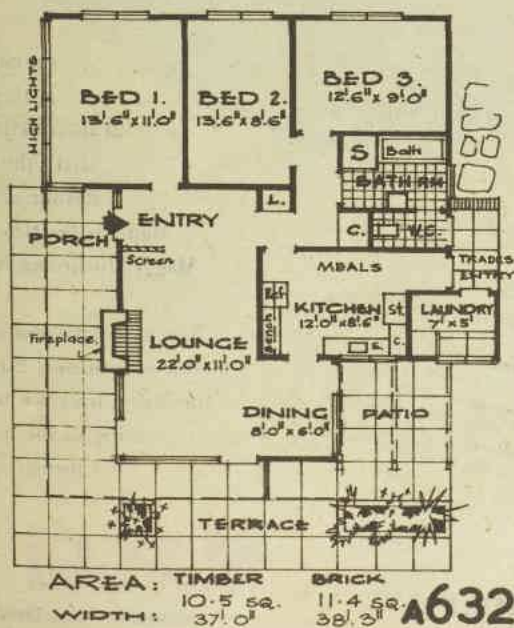
BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill. Our standard plans are also available at the new advisory bureau at 23 Central Avenue, Miranda, established by master builders.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will attend the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.



COMPACT inside, the three-bedroom home has large areas of living space to give a feeling of freedom. Plumbing is economical because of the planned grouping of service areas. The laundry is a neat, efficient unit.

# you are looking at the beginning of the end of a cough!



The first spoonful starts soothing  
"deep-down" relief your child needs!



Here's the safe, sure way to ease coughing with no "overdosing" worries. Your child's cough starts to go as soon as he swallows Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup. Penetrating quickly deep into his sore throat... it soothes irritations ordinary mixtures can't reach. Then... he feels soothing warmth as Vicks Cough Syrup drives out painful chest congestion.

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## VICKS Cetamium COUGH SYRUP

The Cough Syrup That Loves Children!

CS-M2-42

Page 55



**Taste the**  
**Real Mushroom**  
**Flavour**  
**of MAGGI**  
**mushroom soup**



*Mushroom  
Sauce...*

Make this marvellous Mushroom Sauce. Serve it with steak!

1 Packet Maggi Mushroom Soup; 1 Cup of Water;  
1 Cup of Milk (made with "Sunshine").

Carry out directions for mixing as on the back of packet, but using 1 cup of water only; simmer for 20 minutes, stirring constantly, and then add 1 cup of "Sunshine" Milk and stir in well.

Luscious mushrooms gathered at their prime... mushrooms at their delicious, flavourful best... that's the secret of the fascinating flavour of Maggi Mushroom Soup. Made by Nestlé's to a very special recipe, Maggi Mushroom is quite beyond compare. Taste it! You'll love it!

You can make and serve this perfect soup in a matter of *minutes!* Simply put the contents of the Maggi packet into a saucepan with water, bring to the boil, then briefly simmer. 4 man-size bowls in every packet.

**MAGGI SOUPS**

MUSHROOM • MINESTRONE • CHICKEN NOODLE • TOMATO  
 PEA WITH HAM • OXTAIL • PEA WITH VEGETABLES  
 CREME OF CHICKEN • TOMATO AND VEGETABLES

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NESTLÉ'S  
 QUALITY PRODUCTS



# MAKE BREAKFAST A MEAL

● One of the nice things about cool weather is that it stimulates the appetite and makes breakfast an important meal. This is good for the health and efficiency on the job.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, our food and cookery expert

## MENU 1

### \* FRENCH BISCUITS

Six shredded wheat or cereal biscuits, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, butter or margarine.

Beat eggs lightly, add milk and salt. Dip biscuits in mixture only long enough to coat both sides generously, then fry in a small amount of hot shortening, turning to brown both sides. Serve as a savory toast with baby sausages or as a sweet with butter and honey or syrup for spreading.

### \* HONEY MUFFINS

Three-quarters cup flour, 1 cup bran cereal, 2 tablespoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 teaspoon orange or lemon rind, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1/2 cup milk.

Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt. Stir in the cereal and orange rind. Combine the beaten egg, honey, butter, and milk and stir into the flour mixture, adding an extra 1 tablespoon of milk if the mixture is not soft enough. Cook in deep greased pattytins in a moderately hot oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve freshly made.

## MENU 2

### \* FRUITED OATMEAL

One cup rolled oats, 1 1/2 cups evaporated milk, 1 1/2 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup figs, dates, or prunes, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Sprinkle rolled oats into a saucepan in which has been mixed the milk, water, and salt. Cook, stirring occasionally until boiling, add chopped fruit and simmer 5 to 10 minutes, or as desired. Add brown sugar and cinnamon and serve with extra milk.

### \* BEAN PUFFS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon baking powder, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 tin baked beans, fat for frying.

Sift flour into basin, make a well in the centre and add egg and milk. Stir in well, add baking powder, seasonings, and baked beans. Drop by spoonfuls into a quantity of hot fat and fry until golden-brown. Drain and serve with strips of fried bacon.

## MENU 3

### \* CITRUS MEDLEY

Two grapefruit, 4 oranges, 2 lemons, sugar, water.

Squeeze juice from grapefruit, oranges, and lemons; strain into jug. Add sugar and water to taste and chill in refrigerator until ready for use.

### \* MOCK SCRAPPLE SLICES

One pound pork luncheon sausage, 1 egg, 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1/2 cup breadcrumbs, little salt, pepper, bacon fat or shortening, tomato sauce.

Cut meat into slices 1/4 in. to 1/2 in. thick. Brush with beaten egg and coat each side with a mixture of cheese, breadcrumbs, and seasonings. Fry slices in a small quantity of hot fat on both sides until brown and crisp. Serve piping hot with tomato sauce.

## MENU 4

### \* SPICED CEREAL AND BANANAS

Two cups cornflakes, 4 teaspoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 bananas, 2 lemons.

Place cornflakes or similar ready-to-eat cereal into serving-bowls and sprinkle well with a mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Top with slices of banana which have been dipped in lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Serve with milk or cream.

### \* BREAKFAST EGG ROLL

Six eggs, salt and pepper, 6 sprigs parsley, 2 strips bacon, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, quarters crisp buttered toast.

Beat eggs, salt, and pepper together, and add finely chopped parsley. Fry bacon lightly, cut into rough dice and add to egg mixture. Chop onion finely and saute in little melted shortening for 3 minutes. Drain off, cool and add to eggs. Heat remaining butter or margarine in a shallow heavy pan and pour in egg mixture. Cook quickly while continuously stirring and scraping cooked egg away from sides of pan. While still a little moist in the centre turn on to heated platter, surround with pieces of toast, and serve immediately.

On this page are pictures of four nourishing breakfasts. The menus are set out under each picture and the starred recipes are given below. All spoon measurements are level.



Menu 1

Tomato Juice  
Sausages  
\* French Biscuits  
\* Honey Muffins  
Milk or Coffee



Menu 2

Orange Juice  
\* Fruited Oatmeal  
\* Bean Puffs  
Bacon Strips  
Tea or Coffee



Menu 3

\* Citrus Medley  
Ready-to-eat Cereal  
\* Mock Scrapple Slices  
Milk or Coffee



Menu 4

Grape or Pineapple Juice  
\* Spiced Cereal and Bananas  
\* Breakfast Egg Roll  
Tea or Milk



# Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.

• NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 85. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



"VALMAI" — Smart autumn - into - winter dress, buttoned through from yoke to hem, with a slim skirt and three - quarter sleeves. This useful between-seasons dress is made in Norfolk wool tweed in grey, junior navy, and bottle-green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £7/6/9; 36 and 38in. bust £7/12/6. Postage 4/0

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/16/9; 36 and 38in. bust £4/19/3. Postage 4/9 extra.

subject unless they were asked, and if no one prompted the police in the first place they probably never would be asked.

The household, with all its diverse personalities, was being forced into a solidarity of silence against the common enemy. Most people talk too much when the police are around, out of sheer nervousness; but these people had been tutored by Philip and were schooled in the virtues of ignorance and silence.

And the servants were not resident in the house, to know all too well the affairs of uncle and nephew. They came in daily from the village and went home in the afternoon. So only Bill himself could supply the police with the facts about his motive, short of some unforeseen disaster. He was going to have some strenuous lying to do, at least by implication.

But when it came to the point he did not actually have to lie at all; and that in itself was a revelation.

"You were on good terms with your uncle, Mr. Grant?"

He had said "Yes," even before he had time to consider, so natural and true did the affirmative seem. He spoke with a sudden half-smile of remembrance for Philip's many-sided personality, which had rendered life with him long ago so unpredictable, so stimulating, so much fun.

"We fell out sometimes," he said, still remembering and still smiling. "I was fond of my own way and he was an artist, and volatile, and the mixture was often explosive. The fireworks we generated were very handsome, but they never did any great harm."

After that he had found himself sweating in the expectation that the next question would be: "Was there anything in dispute between you recently?" And then he would have lied, because he was scared, because when it came to the point he simply didn't trust the law as completely as all that, because he didn't believe that innocent people are never convicted.

But the next question was: "Had your uncle any enemies to your knowledge?" And he had said ruefully: "He must have had one. But I don't know who that could be. I should have said he hadn't a real enemy in the world."

"There were lots of people he couldn't get on with, lots of people he quarrelled with, all the humbugs and the climbers and the sycophants and the poseurs, he couldn't bear them and they couldn't bear him. But they just kept out of his way. You don't kill people because you're incompatible with them, not unless you're forced to live with them — you just shrew off."

THE inspector had looked at him thoughtfully and said at length: "You're taking it for granted someone killed him? I don't recollect committing myself to any such opinion. We haven't got the inquest over yet, you know."

"No. I know. But you did say that it's already established he died of luminal poisoning, and I don't quite see how that could have happened by accident."

"You wouldn't, I take it, consider suicide as a possibility?"

Bill had shouted "No" to this so scornfully that there was hardly any need to elaborate his rejection of the theory. But he did add, a shade startled by his own vehemence: "He was one hundred per cent. happy — well, say ninety; maybe no one ever does better than that — and two hundred per cent. alive. But even if he'd been old, and decrepit, and ill, and lonely, he'd never have killed himself — not in any circumstances. It was just the flat opposite of everything in him."

And then he had felt better, because it was true, and in some obscure way it was an obituary of Philip, and one he was glad to have uttered.

The inspector said resignedly to his sergeant, on the

## Continuing . . . Aunt Helen

from page 49

eve of the inquest: "Every person in the house may have had a strong motive for wanting Greville out of the way, but we shall never know any of them, unless a miracle happens."

He had been reviewing the relationships involved in the case, and they were all apparently blameless. Greville, his wife, his sister, and his nephew had lived amicably together for fifteen years, and there was no visible reason why they should change now. The other two were strangers, an old acquaintance — perhaps more — of Greville, and her husband, chance-met a few weeks ago and invited for Easter.

There was no one here, outside Hugonin's Mill, who knew anything at all about them; and no one in the other part of their life, it seemed, who knew anything about the Grevilles. The woman was interesting — very interesting — but the connection, as it stood, extremely tenuous.

"Opportunity," said the sergeant, "they all had — barring Mrs. Greville, of course; she was a hundred miles away all that day. Miss Greville made the coffee; she was alone in the kitchen; she took the tray up herself. She's the one who had the tablets—I know they were where anyone could get at them, but she's the one most likely to think of them, because they were prescribed for her. But why in the world should she want to kill her brother?"

"There's the boy, Grant; he came back after seeing Miss Pharamond home and found everybody else had already gone up to bed. He says himself the tray was still there. Naturally, he says he didn't touch it, but he easily could have done; there was nobody else about by that time. But, again, we don't know of any reason he had for wanting his uncle out of the way."

"Then the Renaud couple—

they're out of it, according to their evidence; they went up to bed together. Well, they're husband and wife; maybe you could say it's only natural they should give each other an alibi. Only in this case I can't say I get the impression of a devoted couple, exactly. In any case, we haven't a scrap of evidence that either of them had a motive for killing Greville. There could have been all sorts of grudges among them, but there's no sign of any."

"The coffee in the pot was stiff with luminal," said the inspector, "as well as the drops in the cup. Evidently the stuff was dropped into the pot — which is just about the most unlikely way in the world of committing suicide. The only prints on the pot are those of Mrs. Greville, who put the tray ready in the morning, and Miss Greville, who made the coffee at night. There's some trace of a handprint round the belly of the pot, but nothing identifiable. The knob on the lid has no prints except Miss Greville's, which is as it should be."

"Everything, in fact, is as it should be, except that a man's dead who ought to be alive. We don't even know for certain that the luminal that killed him came from that bottle, though it's a reasonable assumption, especially as the bottle is a dead blank where prints are concerned, which, in normal circumstances, it certainly wouldn't be. We don't, in fact, know anything for certain — except, as I said, that the poor devil's dead."

"And none of the people involved knows anything for certain, either," said the sergeant sceptically.

"That could be genuine in all cases but one, of course. Or it could be pure fright. Or it could be a case of everybody having something to hide. We'll stay close and keep pegging away. Sooner or later some-

To page 63

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**MAY STRIKE YOU ANYTIME!**

Keep DeWitt's Tablets in your pocket or handbag for just such an emergency. Then, at the first twinge of pain, dissolve a pleasant-tasting DeWitt's Antacid Tablet on the tongue. Because DeWitt's Antacid Tablets rapidly neutralize excess stomach acidity, common cause of digestive disorders, your indigestion is halted before it develops. DeWitt's Antacid Tablets are packed in handy tear-off cellophane strips and are available from chemists and storekeepers. Buy a packet today.



At home take DeWitt's Antacid Powder for fast and prolonged relief from indigestion and stomach discomfort.

**POWDER** ... Large economy size 7/-  
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**TABLETS** ... Large economy size 3/3  
Regular size 1/9

"Wouldn't be without it..." writes Mrs. S., of Tempe, N.S.W.  
"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's in the house and recommend it to my friends and to anyone that comes here with indigestion."  
(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)

**DeWitt's**  
**ANTACID TABLETS**

# Cosy winter bedsocks



● Every woman who wishes to look feminine and keep warm this winter will want to knit these cosy bedsocks. They can be made in soft pastel colors to match your nightgown — pale blue, with darker blue stripes, or shades of pink would look lovely.

**T**HE pattern is so simple they will knit up in next to no time. Only 3oz. of Villawool "Faerie" baby wool is needed.

Easy-to-follow directions are complete on this page.

**Materials:** 2oz. main color (M.C.), 1oz. contrast color (C.C.), Villawool "Faerie" baby wool; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 9 needles.

**Measurements:** To fit average size foot.  
**Tension:** 7 sts. to lin. (No. 9 needles).

**PRETTY** and feminine, yet very practical, these knitted bedsocks would make a welcome addition to any girl's winter wardrobe.

Using No. 11 needles C.C., cast on 84 sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 10 rows, working 1 row C.C. and 2 rows in M.C. Break off C.C. and continue in M.C. only.

Change to No. 9 needles and work as follows:

**Next Row:** \* K 2, 1 front and back of next rep. from \* to \* to end of (112 sts.).

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** Knit.

**\*\* Next Row:** P twice every st. to end of row. sts.). Work 6 rows in k 2, p 2.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog. all row. (112 sts.).

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** Knit. \*\* from \*\* to \*\* until measures 5 1/2 in. from the cast on to No. 9 needles.

**Next Row:** Purl.

Change to No. 12 needles join in C.C. and work as follows:

**Next Row:** \* K 2, 1 2 \* rep. from \* to \* to end row.

**Next Row:** Work in rib k 1, p 1.

Work 8 more rows in p 1 rib in stripes as given commencement.

Cast off. Work another in same manner.

**TO MAKE UP**

Press work lightly warm iron and damp.

Join cast-on and cast-off together, then slightly gather end, fold in half, and join form toe. Press seams in.

## MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS...

● Below are some short-cuts that will help the housewife get through her chores faster, and with more ease and efficiency.

**NEED** just a slice of lemon or a wedge of orange at a time? Then wrap what is left in a plastic covering and seal by twisting the top. Lay a plastic square on top of cut grapefruit, too. You will be surprised to see how well the cut fruit keeps fresh and juicy.

**SHOE - POLISH** marks can be removed from cotton material by soaking

the stained area in fresh milk for an hour or two. Then rinse and dry.

**AN** emergency cork or stopper for any size bottle or small jar can be made from a small piece of modelling clay wrapped in waxed paper.

**REMOVE** stubborn fly-marks from electric light lamps and glass shades by rubbing with a soft

cloth lightly sprinkled with methylated spirit. Then polish in the usual way with a very clean, dry cloth.

**GIVE** leather shoes that just won't shine a coat or two of methylated spirit. Allow to dry, then polish in the usual way.

**DISSOLVE** a lump of sugar in the water when washing linoleum. It makes a brilliant polish.

# Sanpic Disinfectant kills germs quicker!



You'll be amazed that a disinfectant could be so effective and have such a delightful floral fragrance.

Other disinfectants you may have used in the past cannot equal the germ-killing efficiency of Sanpic.

One bottle of this concentrated Disinfectant does the work of five similar sized bottles of other brands.

No other disinfectant does such a thorough germ-killing job! What better protection could you give your family? Ask for Sanpic — the proven, safe, fragrant disinfectant that is at least 5 times stronger and more effective than other well-known brands.

ONE bottle of Sanpic Disinfectant does the work of FIVE similar sized bottles of other brands.



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**FLORAL FRAGRANT** — As it quickly kills dangerous germs, Sanpic removes the unpleasant odours they produce, leaving the air pleasantly fragrant.

**IT'S SAFE** — Sanpic is non-poisonous... perfectly safe to use anywhere... to disinfect and deodorise sinks, baths, drains, garbage tins and for general household purposes.

**ECONOMICAL, TOO** — With Sanpic Concentrated Disinfectant you need only use a little at a time — in fact, a teaspoonful or so is all that is necessary in most instances.



Floral  
Fragrant

**SANPIC**

Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant





comb it in...

then comb out...

**JUST ONE STEP!**

*creamy*

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Look how PROM  
solves your  
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## **FASTER... BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM!**

Comb in PROM's rich waving cream, roll up, and rinse! And there you are... just one step. That's absolutely all. The neutralizing is automatic — you can't over-perm or under-perm. And when the wave is dry, it's ready... *comb out!*

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Other waves may call for many messy steps, but with One-step PROM there's no dripping, no dabbing. And PROM stays where you put it... waves exactly where you want it!

## **SOFTER... BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM!**

And rich with costly conditioners! Your hair is *cared for*, because creamy PROM actually *waves in* sleek silken softness. And this means no after-wave dryness, no frizz... but deep, lasting, tangle-free waves. PROM's the longest-lasting home perm you can have. **TRY IT!**

**You can SEE the difference... FEEL the difference... it's so SILKY-SOFT!**



# BOND'S

# "Cottontails" ...briefs



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*for Mothers,  
debs, teeners,  
and little girls*

NOW IN

## Interlock

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## Lightweight Cotton

- Elastic waistband lasts life of briefs
- Nylon reinforced legbands fit snugly, can't bind or cut or lose their shape.
- Smoothly knitted from soft, combed cotton "Cottontails" wash easily, can be boiled, dry fast, need no ironing.
- In Interlock or lightweight cotton they are highly absorbent. Year-round comfort!
- Fit is smooth, sleek, wrinkle-free — wonderful to wear with sheath dresses — for business or housework — for active sport.
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- "Action Gusset" is cut wide enough for movement, can't bunch or chafe.

INTERLOCK

7' 11" 7' 6"  
Lightweight Cotton

White, navy, grey peach and fawn  
for schoolwear

Girls' sizes 3 to 13.  
SSW-W.

INTERLOCK  
from

6' 3" 5' 11"  
Lightweight Cotton from



# BOND'S

• Look for the self-service "Cottontails" counter unit.



*Little girls can give them to mother  
Mothers can give them to little girls...*



body's nerve is going to give way.

But nobody's nerve gave way. They were already forewarned and forearmed against any such eventuality. Philip had had apt pupils.

Nothing new emerged at the inquest; nothing new was allowed to emerge. Only the awkward fact that the luminal had undoubtedly been administered in the coffee in a manner very unlikely in a suicide and almost impossible to consider an accident prevented the jury from bringing in an open verdict. As it was, they were compelled at last to agree on a verdict of murder against a person unknown.

If Thursday's conversation on the subject of murder had been brought to their notice they might have reached the same conclusion in considerably less time and with fewer misgivings; but somehow that little discussion had fallen clean out of the memory of every person who had been present to hear it. Even the rector had seen fit to put it out of his mind, perhaps because it made contacts with the household at Hugonin's Mill too embarrassing, and he had come to rely on them too much to want to sever them now.

"A perfectly sound verdict," said the inspector bitterly, "and only four people to pick from, barring the extremely remote chance of some unknown intruder. And we're about as likely to be able to pick out the right one and bring it home to him — or her — as we are able to pan gold out of the mill-stream down there. If only they'd be a shade more talkative, at least one of them might say the wrong thing."

But they preserved still their impenetrable reserve. After the brief, unelaborated answers he let the silence grow long and oppressive, but no one was shaken into rushing in to fill the gaps with indiscreet sound. Only Helen, immured from all other anxieties in her solitary and unobtrusive grief, talked, as he felt, naturally; but why should Helen, in any case, labor to contain what she knew, when she knew no more than he did?

She alone stood clear of all the events of that Good Friday, with some millions of witnesses to testify to her whereabouts and her actions at the close of the evening, at least one hundred miles from the scene of the crime.

Permission had been given for Philip's funeral to take place, and two days after the inquest they buried him. Helen in her deep black stood by the graveside in the heavy, reddish clay and watched what was mortal of Philip lowered into the pit. Her face was veiled, but it would seem by the stillness of her hands, which were gripped together before her, and the composure of her slight body, that she did not weep.

Bill stood beside her, his arm through hers. He was extremely pale and looked tired and haggard, and more than his age, and his eyes followed the descent of the coffin with animation and horror; but his composure matched Helen's.

When they turned away from the grave Helen's enormous wreath of daffodils and tulips, all white and gold, was still shining radiantly in the mist and gloom of a dull day. Rachel watched them get into the car just as the thin, cold rain of spring began to fall. She wondered if Helen had noticed how abruptly, during the past few days, Bill had completed his growing up.

The inspector came to see Helen the next day. He found her in Philip's study, assembling the mass of her husband's works, and collecting together all the letters and documents he had accumulated in the years of his celebrity. Bill, who

## Continuing . . . Aunt Helen

[from page 58]

had been helping her sort out this material, took himself off as soon as the inspector arrived and went down into the garden, leaving them to talk in privacy.

He didn't know what was the matter with him. He wished he could feel happier in the work in hand, as Helen, he was sure, took comfort in it. There ought to be a life of Philip Greville, by all means — he ought to be remembered; more than that, his memory ought to be celebrated with ardor — only, somehow, when he saw that row of rather precious novels assembled and the small honors put together, the little prizes which so delighted Helen's heart, the sum of it seemed so ludicrous and meanly inadequate to be Philip's memorial.

And he thought: If I were writing a book about him, I don't think I should find it necessary to do more than men-

was nothing to show which, and no means of proving it.

They saw him approaching and turned to face him with expectancy, almost with eagerness. They were waiting all the time for the words that would release them, and he might easily be the messenger.

"That was the inspector again, wasn't it?" Gerard asked without finesse. "What did he want this time?"

"He's still with Aunt Helen," said Bill. "I left them to it."

"How much longer does he think he can keep us here? My business is suffering. There's surely no need for us to stay here now — if he wants us again he could very easily find us."

"If he sees fit to take the restrictions off us," said Bill,



tion those things; they hardly seem important enough even to go in at all. Philip was something quite different, something infinitely bigger. All the same, he was glad to see Helen occupied upon a darling project of her own — something that would keep Philip ever present with her while she worked at it.

She had grown more remote, more abstracted, more radiant and silent and still since Philip was gone, as though she had her plans already made to go after him. Philip would have been vehement in disapproval. To him, life was for living.

**D**OWN by the bridge the wet green trees leaned over angry brown water, swollen after the heavy rain. On the banks stood the Renauds, very close together, turned a little away from each other, as he had seen them constantly since Philip's death.

They looked exactly like two swordsmen, not naturally allies but drawn together for mutual protection in a world of enemies, guarding each other's backs from treacherous assault. But when they exchanged glances he had seen their faces stiff with concealment, and their eyes looking out as through windows in a wall, anguished with mutual hate.

They had been waiting for days to get away, only to get away, to be allowed to go where they need no longer stand together in this enforced alliance which scarified them both, where they could discard the niceties of self-preservation and tear each other to pieces. And yet he was sure, as sure as he was of their state now, that they had come to Hugonin's Mill tolerant of each other, rather bored and mischievous on her part, rather possessive on his — nothing worse than that.

What had happened between them? That it had involved Philip he was quite sure. That one of these two had been the instrument of Philip's death he felt in his heart. Only there

"no doubt Helen will be glad to let you know as soon as possible."

"It will certainly be a relief to her, too," agreed Gerard, noting the hint of asperity in this rejoinder. "I suppose you'll probably be off yourself," he went on, watching the boy with wary curiosity. "The money, I take it, won't be a problem now."

Does he really think I did it? thought Bill. And for that reason? If he means that, then he can't have done it himself, can he? Or is it only that, precisely because he did it himself, he finds it expedient to drop these subtle indications that he believes it was my doing? And would he bother to put on a show of that kind for me after the way we've all lied the last few days, either explicitly or implicitly?

He hesitated, wondering how to reply to the question in any case, whether it was honest or whether it wasn't. The project had dwindled so far into the back of his mind that he found it an effort to care now whether he went or stayed; the excision of Philip from his life dwarfed everything else.

However, he was absolved from having to make any answer. Estelle's attention had been diverted by a movement between the shrubberies, far away up the long green vista of lawns; and where she looked Gerard instantly looked, too.

"Ah, here's Mrs. Greville now. He must have left already. Whatever he had to say, it hasn't taken him long to say it."

Helen came over the wet grass, slender and frail in her dress of unrelieved black, which rendered her gleaming fairness more ethereal than ever. If she had news, it did not show in her face, which was calm, serene, and still. It seemed strange to Bill that she could be so unmoved by the stresses round her.

She had not, it was true, the unworthy motives all the rest of the household had for wanting Philip's death to remain an unsolved mystery; but at least

she ought to have cared, one way or the other, that so many creatures of her own kind should be living precariously from day to day in fear and pain. It wasn't like her not to care.

"You needn't have run away, Bill," she said. "The inspector stayed only a few minutes." She looked into Gerard's face and, very faintly and coolly, she smiled, aware of his agony of impatience.

"He apologised, Mr. Renaud, for keeping you here so long. I'm sure you understood that he was only doing his duty. But now he says that we can all consider ourselves free to move again. You may leave Hugonin's Mill whenever you wish."

They drew breath as one creature, relaxing for a moment even from mutual hate into the one blessed conviction that they had survived it, that it was over. They hardly waited to gloss over their agony of relief with civilities, but, after the barest of renewed protestations and regrets and excuses, flew to pack their belongings and prepare for departure. Helen watched them go with the palest and politest of smiles.

"I suppose," said Bill, drawing nearer to Helen's shoulder, "that means, in effect, that the police have given up." And suddenly the thought held no pleasure or relief for him, as he had expected, but was only a gross wrong committed against Philip. He was in an odd state, he felt it himself, still scared, still feverish to have the crisis past, and be able to breathe again without constantly wondering if the history of his last quarrel with Philip would not somehow leak out, and yet even more preoccupied with unexpected regrets and remembrances in which he sometimes lost sight of his own danger.

How many things there had been to like about Philip, and how terrible, how unjust it was that his death should be reduced simply to a source of danger to the survivors. He wanted to express his sense of guilt to somebody, he wanted a confessor for this uncontrollable late fondness that could distract him even from the motions of self-preservation.

"I don't think they ever give up," said Helen. "They know where to lay hands on us all whenever they want us."

"You know what I meant. They've given up expecting any success. I know they'll go on trying. Helen, it's only sometimes that I realise that somebody killed Philip — really killed him, put an end to him, all that life, and gaiety, and warmth he had. Do you know what's the most terrible thing about it? — that I've been so frightened about my own position that I could hardly see how terrible it was that Philip should be robbed like that. It makes me so ashamed!"

"Whoever killed him ought to pay for it to the limit. It wasn't only a crime against him, it was a crime against the world! And yet all I've had room for in my mind was the worry of whether I should be suspected, whether somebody would tell that I'd fallen out badly with him over the money, and was desperate for a way of getting my hands on it. Helen, it's all so wickedly wrong!"

"Bill, my dear!" Helen put a hand on his arm, and lifted her beautiful face, smiling at him with soft, superficial tenderness. "There's nothing to worry about now. Of course you were afraid for yourself! Did you expect to be superhuman? Don't you think Philip would have understood? You'll

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this

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(Sunday May 11)

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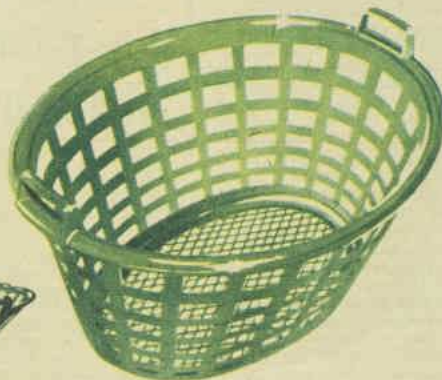
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He was aware of an embarrassing check, as though he had opened the wrong door. Did Helen still see that as of the slightest importance? He could hardly remember now the feeling of urgency he supposed it must have had for him some days ago. But he could hardly blame Helen for not knowing that, could he? None the less he was aware of frustration, as though language had failed him, and he could no longer communicate.

"It isn't that, I'm not worrying about that. I only wish we hadn't been at cross-purposes about it, that's all it means now. But I keep thinking how wrong it is that Philip should be dead. He had years and years of life in him, he'd have lived to be a hundred — he couldn't have helped it, he was so in love with living. Someone just cut him off, like cutting grass, like awaiting a fly! Philip!"

"And all I could think about was that I might come under suspicion myself! And now there's no way of making up for it. He's dead. I can't go to him and say: 'All right, you old devil, you were right and I was wrong, and I'm sorry.' It's too late. He's gone."

"I know how you feel, Bill," she said gently. "I understand very well. But death isn't such an infinite disaster. Nor life such a wonderful thing to lose."

He saw with consternation, with a hideous constriction of the heart, that she didn't understand at all, that she was worlds away from knowing how he felt. "It is! It is! If you despise life you despise everything — God most of all! Philip knew how to value it! Philip's values were all sound and true!"

He didn't know how to express what he had in his heart, while she stood smiling at him so softly and distantly, her blue eyes large and kind and vague upon his distress. She wasn't really with him. She wasn't even listening, except with the smooth surface of her mind, on which his labored phrases made hesitant, unexpressive ripples, and then left it still and calm.

She was immured within her own world, looking out at him. He felt for a way in to her, but there was none; he had never been so alone in his life. She looked at him with affection, touched him briefly on the cheek with her small, delicate hand, stretched upward quickly, and kissed him. He felt cold, confused, and miserable, but his tongue could not find any

## Continuing . . . Aunt Helen

from page 63

better words, and he was hopelessly silent.

"Darling, do you think there's anything you can tell me about Philip that I don't already know? He was my husband and I loved him. Some other time we'll have a long talk about him—yes, Bill, I mean it, I need it, too. But now I've got to go in—here's Dr. Benson coming to see me. No, it's nothing out of the way, don't worry, only a routine examination."

The doctor had left his car on the road and cut across the field to the pack-bridge, as he always did. He came across the treacherous, mossy stones at his usual brisk half-walk, half-trot, greeted Bill with a bright, shrewd glance, and swept Helen away with him through the garden and into the house.

**What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face as the cat before the fire looks up at you!**

— Leigh Hunt

Balked of the humble, bewildered apology he had certainly been about to offer to Helen, for what precise fault he himself hardly knew, Bill sat kicking his heels on the arm of the stone seat by the river-bank and moodily watched them go.

It shamed and frightened him that, when Helen had stated her claim to know her husband through and through, he had suffered a sudden vision of a row of slim novels and three or four literary prizes arrayed on Philip's empty desk. What was the matter with him? If it was nothing but the hang-over from personal grief and fear he had better snap out of it at once. And it couldn't be anything more. He must be ill if he was beginning to think his sense of values more reliable than Helen's!

Rachel found him still sitting there when she crossed the field from the village and picked her way with long, sure strides over the uneven stones of the bridge. She had a shopping bag on her arm and the parish magazine in her hand; he couldn't help smiling at the sight of her, the girl herself seemed to have so little possible connection with her errands.

"I know!" said Rachel, by no means offended by the grin. "I suppose I do look about the least probable deliverer of

parish magazines you could imagine—but it gets me out of the house." She halted by his stone bench and looked down at him with a considering frown. "I hear the Rensselaers are off."

"The grapevine's still working well up to schedule, then. The inspector left here only about ten minutes ago. Yes, he says they can leave. They're busy throwing their things together now. They can't get away from us fast enough, suppose the village doesn't claim to know which of us actually did it?"

"If they know, they haven't confided in me. Probably I'm held to be connected with the house and therefore not on the delivery list for the more intimate rumors. I think it's regarded as unlikely that anybody'll ever be charged."

Bill heard himself saying, in his own amazement: "You didn't ever consider it as a possibility that I'd done it?" He hadn't meant to ask her anything of the sort, as far as he knew; and the tremor of anxiety beneath his carefully light tone deepened his amusement. He covered his momentary consternation by moving up to make room for her beside him. "Sorry, I'm an oaf! Do stay for a bit—can't get anyone to listen to me seriously."

With composure Rachel said: "Did you want me to take that question seriously? Then no, I never entertained the idea that you could have done it." She was entirely grave, her dark eyes met his squarely, and he was strangely comforted.

He didn't know exactly why it was perhaps that he felt something in her which had been in Philip, too, and if he had fully and fairly understood that none of his rage against Philip had ever had in it anything secret, permanent, or venomous, then probably Philip had always known as much, and always been, in the obscure way which really mattered, profoundly at peace with him.

Almost fearfully, in case the answer should be disastrously wrong, he asked: "Why did you feel so sure of that?"

"Because you and Philip loved each other very much," said Rachel, "and that's tough enough to stand all the pressures either of you could ever put on it."

She named love as directly and fearlessly as she had named

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## IRON-ON TRANSFER, PATTERN

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# FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSIE BAKER

## TWO FAIR LADIES

*Blond and beautiful*



**JANE POWELL:** After two years off the screen, bubbly, vivacious Janie comes back in R.K.O.'s musical romance "The Girl Most Likely." In this film she has the role of a flirt who is engaged to three men at the same time. In private life the actress is Mrs. Pat Nerney, a busy housewife and mother of three children.



**ZSA ZSA GABOR:** Mink-and-diamond Hungarian-born beauty Zsa Zsa is still "between husbands" at the time of going to press. In Lion-International's "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," Zsa Zsa plays the skittish wife of former Shakespearian actor Anthony Quayle. Designer Irene of Hollywood made her chiffon gown.



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FILM PREVIEW

# DUNKIRK



• • • Where the most fantastic fleet ever assembled evacuated 338,000 men.

## THE STORY

IT is May, 1940, and the "Phony War" has ended. With the French Army crumbling beneath the ruthless onslaught of German might, Corporal Mills leads a small group of the scattered British Expeditionary Force towards the evacuation beaches of Dunkirk.

Meanwhile, all along the coast of England civilian yachtsmen are gathering in response to the national call of "Operation Dynamo" to get the ceaselessly strafed men off the dreadfully exposed beaches.

More than two years of research and preparation went into the making of this Michael Balcon-Ealing film that tells the story of those crucial May days 18 years ago. Leslie Norman (of "The Shiralee") directed this M.G.M. release.



JOHN MILLS, as the British Army corporal who didn't want his stripes.



BERNARD LEE (left), as the yachtsman who didn't come back, and RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH (right), as the civilian who became a hero.



As the small boat-owners of England mass together, Attenborough, who finds "war work" lucrative, hesitates when Lee suggests that civilians take their own boats across the Channel.



Losses among the little ships are heavy, and Lee, his "Vanity" gone down, joins Mills, with his weary men of the B.E.F., among the sand dunes of the Dunkirk beach as an army chaplain leads them in early Sunday morning prayer.

Heroic evacuation work of Attenborough with his tiny "Heron" ends when its engine fails, and he and Mills are taken aboard a British destroyer making its run for England.









CASSAVETES — off-beat approach.

# A Yank shocked 'em at Elstree

★ When talent-stalkers for British films bagged John Cassavetes for one of their newly completed productions, they bagged a prize. He is the man who was suddenly a top star after one film, "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall."

CASSAVETES is the star of "Our Virgin Island." Outside scenes were made on location in the Caribbean and the inside shots in England.

Down at Elstree the unconventional Cassavetes startled even moviemakers with his off-beat approach to acting. Most British film folk pictured the untidy, shambling 29-year-old star as a typical product of the "Method" school of acting, but did not bargain for what they were getting.

Cassavetes nearly threw a back flip when an actor cornered him and began talking earnestly about the "Method."

"Method?" he roared back. "There's no such thing! There are half a dozen ways of playing a delinquent, but they all

add up to one thing—jeans and a sweatshirt!"

In fact, Cassavetes has lately been associated with acting techniques in America which many think make the "Method" look like the days of Theda Bara.

Just before he came here John Cassavetes turned director and made a film in New York called "The Shadows," which did away with a script and had no written dialogue.

Cassavetes' actors were all given a detailed rundown of the characters they were to play, and then asked to make up their dialogue on the spot.

"What we did wasn't all that odd," Cassavetes protests. "It happens all the time in the States—actors suddenly 'go up' or chuck the script and start improvising their own dialogue."

"You have to keep your wits about you when that happens. It can be plenty tough for the rest of the cast. Take the time I made my entrance in a play on Broadway, and the guy I was to play a long scene with turned on me and

yelled, 'Get out of here! Get outa this room!'

"I nearly did. But instead I said something like, 'Now, you don't mean that, do you? Take it easy. Let's just talk things over.'"

"It took a long while and a lot of sweating on my part

By  
**B'LL STRUTTON,**  
of our London staff

to get back to the script, but the audience thought the playwright had done a marvelously realistic job!"

John Cassavetes was born in America of a distinguished Greek family.

He could have become a professional baseball player, decided it had no future, took up medicine, dropped that while a student to devote himself to writing—and used that to get into acting.

"I sat in agents' offices waiting for someone to discover me. Then I got a job as assistant stage manager to one of the most fantastic pro-

ducers in show business, Gregory Ratoff.

"Ratoff taught me it's not the money you make but the reputation. Once you've got the reputation you can command the money."

"But a photographer friend really fixed it for me to get into acting. He told an agent he'd found a boy who was a great writer."

"To prove it he showed a lot of old scripts by the top Hollywood boys which had never been used, and said these were mine! Right away the agent wanted to sign."

"Then my pal explained how eccentric I was, how, in spite of my literary genius, my great ambition was to act."

"He said, 'If you sign this Cassavetes as an actor, then he'll do the scripts for you.'"

"The agent fell for it. I went in, all mussed up and untidy-looking, like a genius who wants to act, and sure enough he dished me out a feature part on television."

"I got more after that, and in a little while the agent stopped asking me about those



ON LOCATION in the Virgin Islands for the film "Our Virgin Island" are John Cassavetes and his wife, Gena Rowlands, who visited him during production.

scripts I'd said I'd maybe write for him."

"Our Virgin Island" is based on the true story of a young couple who build their marriage and home on an uninhabited tropical isle.

It's a romantic comedy, and brings Cassavetes opposite a new British discovery, 21-year-old Virginia Maskell, who has been launched from

understudy work in Shakespeare right into stardom.

After the film, Cassavetes under contract to Metro-Goldwyn to go back to Hollywood to finish a Western.

His blond and gorging wife, Gena, went to California with him. She's a stage actress, too—or was. Now Mrs. Cassavetes has been collared with a couple

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# Continuing . . . Aunt Helen

from page 54

ned God, conceiving it as her adolescent or hypothetical to be embarrassed by grandeur of either name. d the answer was not wrong; was so beautifully, mercifully right that he felt all his sions relax into trembling attitude.

"Yes, I did love him! I dly realised it myself, I'd ver thought much about it il now—you don't think out these things. But I did! sope he knew it."

"He knew it," said Rachel. hat's come over you, to start ging over this particular und? You haven't been fering from a sense of esngement, have you, just be- use you happened to be using a minor skirmish with a when he was killed? Acci- al complications like that didn't upset Philip's judg- nt, you needn't worry."

It wasn't only that. It was at first, but not only that, was the losing sight of him rwards—being unable to anything except fright for self when I ought to have n feeling anger for him. It ned to set him at such a ance from me—

"It wouldn't," said Rachel a conviction. "He'd stick you all the more if you e scared, and disgusted with self for being scared. It heroes Philip was sceptical ut."

"You're sure," said Bill, ed by the fervor of his own d, "that you're not just ing to be nice to me?"

"I'm not thinking about ip. Even he had done a things he wasn't proud of." gave him a quick, thought- look and checked herself re. Very deliberately she watching him with sym- at every word:

Has it occurred to you, Bill, there's only one person- seems to have no curiosity al about the cause of ip's death? This case is ag to fade away gradually, far as we can see, leaving ermanent shadow on every- except Helen. Isn't it odd she, the only one patently cent, the one most ned, should show no pre- upation at all with the tion of who killed her hus- d? Especially as he was creation!"

**B**ILL had lifted head from his hands was staring at her tifully, already disturbed the seriousness of her s, and remembering, only evidently remembering, the rve with which she had ve contemplated Helen.

What do you mean?" He ready to spring into re- ment at a word. Well, wasn't he? The ip who operated here was Philip she'd made. It was who thrank him to fit, n from the wild, lavish, erous creature he was into domesticated novelist, with small accomplishments that regretted and disliked so ch. You heard what he said us his work that night.

Believe me, Philip wasn't ng—or if he was it was a ole-edged joke. Wouldn't have thought Helen would e felt God's own indigna- at seeing her creation cut

Well, you've seen her! doesn't even show any de- to know who killed him." ill said, stiffening formid- "I don't know what re-getting at! I know ve never liked Helen.

What's the matter? Are you us of her or something?" Rachel gave him a long, con- ing, and slightly belligerent of her dark eyes. "In it makes it easier for you, n's mind admitting that I

used to be. I was in love with Philip, terribly in love, when I was sixteen. He knew all about it—Philip always did. That's how we became such friends, once I'd got over not being able to be more.

"If you like to think I've still got it in for Helen because of that, of course you can. It remains true that she isn't at all preoccupied with the problem of who killed him. People act like that, Bill, only when they know already."

Bill sprang up from the stone bench, trembling violently, and stood over her with a face convulsed with bewilderment and distress. "What's wrong with you? Why do you always have to confuse everything? What makes it such fun for you to go round kicking over all the standards other people live by? Do you just enjoy overturning things?"

Rachel looked at him for once with a curiously vulner- able helplessness, and shook her head. It must have been an optical illusion that her lips quivered. "No, I don't know that I enjoy it. But things may need overturning," she said defiantly, "if they've been standing on their heads from the beginning."

Bill took her by the arm and jerked her to her feet to face him. "What did you mean about Helen behaving as if she knows? I've got to know what you meant!"

"Exactly what I said, of course. What do you think I meant?" Rachel freed herself with a strong turn of her arm, but without anger, and with- out drawing away from him. Looking over his shoulder, she said in a low voice: "Look out! Helen's coming down the lawn with Dr. Benson."

He looked round quickly, half-suspecting a trick to de- flect his anger, until he re- membered that it was with Rachel he was dealing. Helen and the doctor were walking slowly and deep in conversa- tion, and not yet so near that they must have observed the two people beside the bridge.

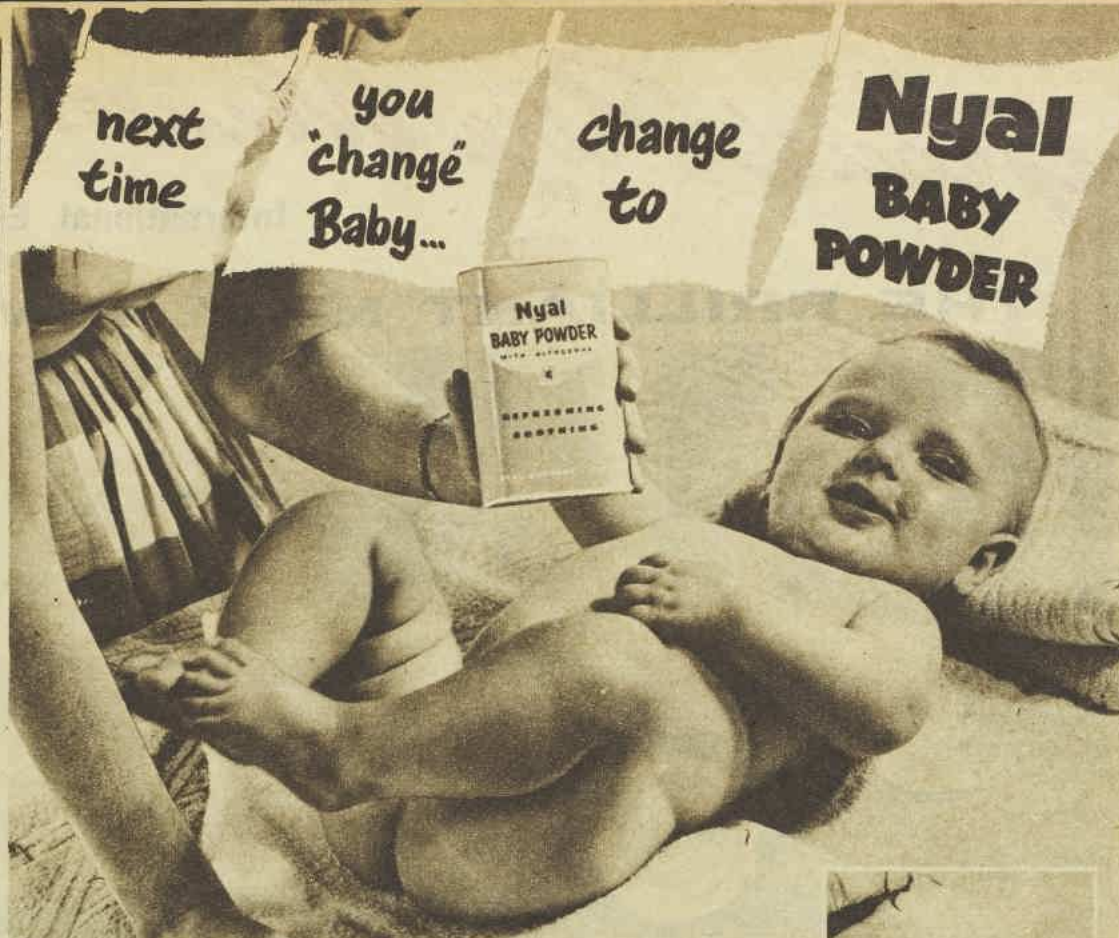
Bill found himself very re- luctant to meet anyone just then, least of all Helen. He had to know what Rachel had on her mind; he had to get things clear in his own. What was the use of trying to pre- tend, even to himself, that Rachel was the sole author of this confusion which filled him?

"Don't go! You mustn't go yet; you've got to explain your- self. Here, come away from here!" He caught at her hand, in a gesture singularly different from that fierce grip on her arm a moment ago, and drew her back into the trees, the wet branches slithering past their shoulders. She could easily have pulled free from him, but this time she did not attempt it.

They parted the bushes to- gether until they were hidden from the path, and then stood still, looking back, for fear their rustling movements should betray their childish flight. The doctor would be leaving, as he had come, by this short cut over the bridge. A few minutes and both he and Helen would be gone, and Bill and Rachel could resume their interrupted conflict. In the meantime they stood almost breast to breast, still hand in hand, looking at each other fiercely, and keep- ing an aching silence.

Helen and Dr. Benson came down side by side, strolling without haste, to the river-bank. The doctor kicked a pebble from the path into the cream- ing brown flood and said: "One

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## HERE'S WHY! STOPS CHAFING, SOOTHES SENSITIVE SKIN AND RESISTS MOISTURE

These are good reasons why NYAL Baby Powder brings so much comfort and content- ment to your baby. It actually "moisture- proofs" the skin and thus protects against chafing. The moisture-resistant powder creates a barrier between wet nappies and baby's skin. NYAL Baby Powder forms a silky-smooth film of protection which clings longer . . . helps keep baby cool and comfortable even through long night hours.

NYAL Baby Powder is the softest, smoothest powder you could ever use. Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and

sifted through silk), it is so beautifully fine it brings soothing comfort to sensitive skin.

NYAL Baby Powder contains two gentle anti- septic (Boric and Alphozone) carefully blended to give you a powder of unsurpassed quality. Thus NYAL Baby Powder not only relieves skin irritations, but acts as a mild deodorant, too.

And, moreover, the delicate, refreshing per- fume of NYAL Baby Powder will help keep baby fresh and sweet. So next time you "change" baby . . . change to NYAL Baby Powder. Two sizes—REGULAR 2/5, and GIANT ECONOMY SIZE 4/9 — three times the quantity for only twice the price.

### ACTUALLY REPELS MOISTURE

This "close-up" photograph shows how water "rolls" off when Nyal Baby Powder is smoothed gently over the skin. Unlike ordinary baby powders which absorb moisture, Nyal Baby Powder actually repels it. This moisture-resistant quality lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin.

# Nyal

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### Soothes Baby's Tummy!

Just one teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia after feeding is the quickest way to soothe baby's upset tummy—to prevent "wind" pains and acidity. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take, being specially sweetened to please baby's taste. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. Rigid laboratory tests ensure that it is thoroughly dependable—pure and safe for the youngest baby. Sweetened or Regular—two sizes, 3/3, 5/5.

### Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA



### Soothing Relief From Skin Irritations

When baby "complains" because of Diaper Rash, Cradle Cap or Chafing, provide relief instantly by using cooling, soothing, protective NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream. The modern formula of NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream was compounded especially to ease these painful conditions. As the name implies, NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream contains Calamine, which soothes pain and discomfort, promotes healing; Lanolin to make baby's skin soft, supple again; PLUS a special pain-relieving ingredient which stops the irritation and itching, FAST. Large Tube, 2/3.

### Nyal CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM

N.41.144W

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# Grand Prize Winner

International Elegance Competition

## THE BRILLIANT NEW HUMBER HAWK



**THE 10th INTERNATIONAL ELEGANCE COMPETITION** held in Rome by the Automobile Club of Italy saw the New Humber Hawk emerge as style leader of today's motor world. It won the Grand Prize of Elegance in open competition in a brilliant display of cars from all the leading car producing nations.

With its new aerodynamic styling and longer, lower, wider lines the new Hawk leaps years ahead. A host of new features add to the joy of ownership for people who are particular about their possessions and want a superior quality family car that doesn't cost a fortune to buy or run.



**FULLY AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION** is one of the many new features. There's more power with scintillating acceleration but with better petrol economy than any other big car. Entry to front and rear compartments is wide and unobstructed. Visibility from the fully wrapped-round windscreen and rear window is remarkable.

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**THERE'S SUPERB COMFORT** and vast new spaciousness in the new Hawk. You sink luxuriously into the soft seating. Extra wide folding armrests in the centre of both front and rear seats permit perfect relaxation.

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more rainstorm and you'll have it out on the grass here. It looks as if I shall have to drive round to the front door next time I come." And after a short pause he resumed, as though there had been no break in subject, and with the driest of voices: "So to all intents and purposes it's all over."

"It doesn't necessarily follow," said Helen gently. "But I really think it may be all over. I expect we shall still see the police from time to time, but I doubt if anything new will turn up now, and it's clear they don't think they have enough to justify a charge against anyone at the moment."

"That doesn't trouble you?" "Do you think it should?" she asked in the same tranquil tone.

"That depends entirely on your viewpoint, I suppose. Personally, perhaps from proximity, I feel rather strongly about it, and the people who use them, and I should be glad to see Philip's murderer brought to justice."

The two in the bushes had not meant to listen; in the first place they had merely been telling off the words they heard like beads, measuring out the time until the other two should depart and leave them free to emerge again. Only gradually did meaning enter into the exchanges. But now they were listening in a mutual guilt and shamelessness which drew them still closer together.

They were taut, straining their ears; and his eyes were on the glimmer of Helen's fair hair and serene face as it appeared and disappeared between the stirring leaves, and Rachel's eyes were on him.

Helen was smiling; he could see the soft curve of her mouth and the silent dimpling of her cheek. She had halted by the bridge, the doctor close beside her, but in spite of the constant murmur of the water, the wind, blowing from the west, brought their voices clearly to the ears of the two who stood listening.

"Since it is all over," said the doctor, "may I ask you a peculiarly intimate question, Helen?"

"Of course!" she said, surprised.

"How did you manage it?" "I don't understand you," said Helen, after a moment of blank glance. "How did I manage what?"

"How did you kill Philip?" If he had raised his voice, or in any way marked in his manner the extravagance of the thing he was suggesting, Bill would have cried out then and gone crashing through the bushes to confront him. But it was said so dryly and dully that for a moment he really did not understand, the sense of the words would not penetrate.

Rachel saw the slow beginning of horror and indignation in his eyes, saw the hectic flush mount his face like a wave, and his lips open; and she put up her free hand and clamped it sharply over his mouth. It was not that she wanted to force him to hear further; it was rather that, whatever followed, he would not be able to bear the dubious memory of this challenge if he prevented Helen from answering now.

It could not be left there, it had to be finished. She held him hard against her and something in him acknowledged the force of her appeal and acceded to it. He was still and when she took her hand away he did not cry out. The moment, in any case, the only possible moment for revealing themselves was already lost.

Helen had not moved. She was no longer smiling, but her face retained its pale serenity. She stood looking at the doctor long and thoughtfully, and at length she said: "I notice that you don't ask me why."

## Continuing . . . Aunt Helen

from page 69

"I know that already. I'm the only person who's in a position to know it. You killed him because you know, as I know and as no one else knows, that your heart is in such a condition that you may drop dead at any moment and can't in any case live long. You killed him because you couldn't bear to think of him living on after you and enjoying life without you."

And Helen smiled; radiantly, contemptuously, proudly, she smiled into the old man's face. The young man, rigid as an icicle between Rachel's hands and almost as cold, stood with a motionless, shocked face staring between the branches. He already knew that the horrified, incredulous denial for which he had waited would never come; the moment for it was past. If

shared your values, because he surrendered to them for your sake? Do you think he liked the kind of tribute you asked of him, because he brought it to you so faithfully? Do you know what he once said to me, Helen? He said: 'I'm the only person in the world, except you, who's ever seen through Helen. And they say love is blind!'"

She was impervious. She smiled still, her pure pallor not even marred by the slightest flush. "I don't believe you! I knew Philip through and through, it was I who taught him to realise the best that was in him. Without me he would have slipped back again into the waste from which I took him. I've done what I had to

bottle with a face tissue so as not to touch it with my fingers.

"Then I went to bed. I knew Philip intended to work late, so he wasn't likely to disturb me for some time. When I was sure everyone else was asleep I went down the back stairs — it's one of the advantages of old houses like this, that they have back ways — and in the kitchen I melted a little gelatine and crushed the tablets and mixed them into it, and dropped the white cream with a spoon on to the petals of the white flowers in the base of the black coffee pot.

"The gelatine congealed very quickly on the cold porcelain and the rims of the petals held it, and when it was set no one could have guessed there was anything different about the pot. But of course the hot coffee would melt it almost immediately. Then when it was ready I went back to bed. And in the morning I put Philip's tray ready for the evening myself.

"There was nothing odd about that — Margaret was used to my wanting to do things for him myself. The only odd thing is that I felt it to be necessary. He always had the same pot. I could have left it to Margaret and everything would have happened in exactly the same way. But somehow I felt I couldn't leave anything to chance. And I went to London and gave my recital.

"That was my farewell to him — everything I sang was chosen for him — but you wouldn't understand that. And he drank his coffee and went to sleep with my image in his eyes and my voice in his ears and died in his sleep, intact, at his peak, safe from ever slipping back again. I say I saved him. You say I murdered him."

"What do you expect me to call it?" said the doctor. "Euthanasia? What do you think Philip was, a sick domestic pet? — a Mongol child?"

"I loved him and I intended to keep him from violation."

Her voice was high and secure; she knew herself to be without reproach.

"I think," said Doctor Benson, setting foot slowly on the mossy stones of the bridge. "that you had better begin to feel the same preoccupation with your own conscience that you've felt hitherto with Philip's — before it's too late."

And he turned his shoulder abruptly upon her and crossed with sudden, hurrying steps into the field. Helen stood for a moment where he had left her and then with some impulse to justify herself further, after all, walked after him to the middle of the bridge. But there she gave up the idea of pursuit.

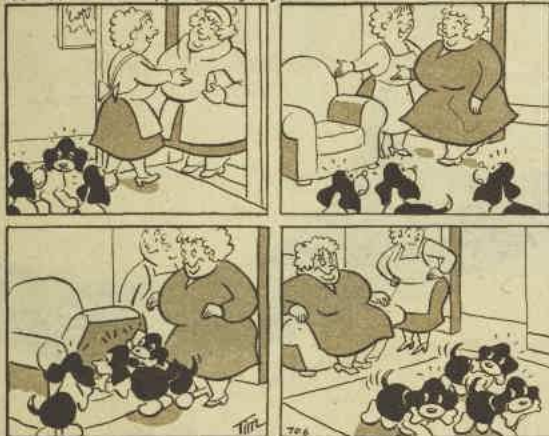
Perhaps he did not matter enough to her, perhaps she restrained herself because even to assay self-justification was an admission that she had doubts of her own, and she was unwilling to concede that she entertained any. Whatever the reason, she checked herself with a little resigned shrug, watching the small, elderly figure for a few minutes as he stamped up the slope of the wet meadow. Then she turned and began to retrace her steps.

Bill was standing on the bank, the bushes quivering behind him, staring at her with a face quite expressionless with shock. He had plucked himself out of Rachel's restraining arm, moving with the frenzied calm of shock, and she had let him go, following at his shoulder with eyes wide and

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



it came now who could believe in it?

"How little you know me!" said Helen. "After all these years, how very little you know me! I killed him because without me he would have gone to pieces, and that was something I couldn't allow to happen. Do you think I've forgotten what he was in the old days, before I married him? Do you think he had forgotten?"

"If he could have known how soon I was to leave him, he'd have begged me to save him from slipping back into that decline and fall. I spared him the pain of knowing, but I have saved him. I couldn't go away and leave my work unfinished."

"What you mean," said the doctor with a bitter, resigned smile, "is that you couldn't go away and leave him free to live and work and love as he pleased. You couldn't trust him not to marry again and it was inconceivable to you that another woman should ever take your place."

"It was Mrs. Renaud, wasn't it, who made up your mind for you? And you needn't have worried, my dear Helen, you needn't have worried at all Philip's conception of love was something quite different from yours and far more tragic. I've known him a long time. There never would have been anyone but you for Philip again, living or dead. That was his tragedy. But he'd have lived without you, oh, yes, and enjoyed what was left, enjoyed it to the full — so perhaps, according to your lights, you were still justified."

He had been all this while staring into the river; now he lifted his grizzled head and shrunken, disillusioned face, and looked at the fair beauty of Helen shimmering in the watery sun.

"Did you think that Philip

do! If it is a sin, I'll answer for it."

"If what you have done is a sin," said the doctor grimly, "you'll have to answer for it. And by our more worldly standards that could mean standing trial for murder."

"If you are threatening me," said Helen with angelic calm and patience, "may I remind you that you have no witness to what I have just said?"

"Don't be afraid, I am neither God nor the law. I'm willing to leave you to those two — if one of them lets you slip through its fingers, I don't think the other will. You're condemned to death, and Philip's dead, what more can we ask?"

"In any case, for his sake, one couldn't touch you. One can only go on serving you dis-

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passionately for the rest of your life and feel — forgive me! — unspeakably relieved when you die. No, I'm not thinking of taking any action. I merely wondered how you did it from a hundred miles away."

In a matter-of-fact tone, without any embarrassment whatever, Helen told him. Her confidence was impermeable by shame or doubt; she needed nothing from him or anyone, she knew she was justified.

"It was all very simple. Philip had shown me what to do. I was the first to go up to bed that Thursday evening, if you remember. I went straight to the bathroom and took a number of tablets from Margaret's little bottle in the cabinet there. I don't know exactly how many, I didn't count them. Nobody had used them for a long time, I felt sure nobody would know how many there ought to be. I held the

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wary for the moment when the ice would break.

He stood in the wet emerald grass staring at Helen as though he had never seen her before. At the suddenness of the apparition she halted for a moment, for once at a disadvantage. Then her face quivered into lively tenderness and pity for him; she had not meant him to learn the truth in this way.

"Bill!" There was no need even to wonder how much he had overheard, it was all there in the first struggling agonies of the stunned eyes as he came back to life. "I'm glad, Bill! I'm glad you know! I hadn't meant you to find out this way, but it's done and I'm glad. I'm not afraid that you'll fail to understand!"

She had recovered herself, she was coming towards him, smiling gently, confidently at him, holding out her arms to him. She expected him to walk into that proffered embrace and allow himself to be calmed and comforted. That was how she had always lulled his mind to sleep, and it had never failed her yet.

"Don't touch me!" cried Bill hoarsely, throwing up his arms to strike her hands away. "Don't come near me! You killed Philip! You!"

"Bill, darling! I know it's been a shock to you —" She waited, her hands still hovering, gripped but sure of her dominance.

"Keep off! — Don't touch me! You're a devil! — No, you can't be a devil, devils know what they are and you don't even know! You think you're good! And you made us all think you good! What's the matter with us all? How do we come to have everything the wrong way up? When I think of the years I've adored you and been dazzled by you and taken you for a saint! You!" he shouted, trembling violently.

"You, with your cool, small, self-conscious, self-centred virtue — And Philip — You think you redeemed Philip! He was human, he had his faults, but they were all large, warm ones like him, better than all your damned virtues. He was good! He was honest and generous and loyal, he made people feel brave and gay — he wasn't capable of meanness. And you thought you could improve on that! You still think it!"

"You're like some rotten priggish Government dropping atom bombs one minute and bleating about moral leadership the next — You — I wish I could think you were mad, but you're not mad — you're only a monster of vanity!"

His voice failed him for a moment and dimly through the thunder in his ears he heard her appalled and pitying whisper of: "Bill, my poor darling!" She was incurably sick, nothing could penetrate her armor of complacency. He took a violent step towards her, wild with frustration.

"You think you've done something fine! You murdered Philip — murdered him twice over, once when you scaled him down to your measure, and once when you put him to sleep, like a decrepit tom-cat, rather than let him outlive you and grow again."

"You killed him devoutly and you expect the heavens to open and drop a halo on you — If there was a grain of truth anywhere in you, you'd know that you're damned, damned, damned!"

Rachel stretched out a hand to take hold of him and drag him back, but after all she arrested the movement. She was standing face to face with a horrible warning against trying to shape or influence anyone. He was a man, he had a right to his own actions and

reactions. Even when he lunged forward with a wild gesture towards the bridge, Rachel did not touch him.

Helen's smile, which had not lost its confidence even before his last outburst, wavered at last; her soft, coaxing advance hesitated, shuddered, and swerved uneasily aside. She was out of reach of every other emotion that might have shattered her calm, but it seemed she was not out of reach of fear.

The smoothness and beauty of her face seemed to break suddenly into fragments, like smashed glass, in a disintegration which was unpleasant to see; and more terrible than the terror itself was the ludicrous disbelief that this malleable child whom she had raised in her own image should be proof against her now.

She had managed him so dexterously through so many crises which seemed to her more extreme than this. Yet she recognised in Bill's convulsed and outraged face the end of her dominion. The sweep of his long, young arm wiping the air before his eyes clean of her, a symbolic gesture of repudiation, appeared to her as the threat of a blow. Her imagination, like her virtue and her values, was limited to material things.

She uttered a whimpering cry, almost voiceless, as though pure surprise had paralysed her vocal cords. Her hands went up to ward him off, thrusting at the air between them, though he had already halted yards short of touching her. She made a lame, stumbling leap back from him and her feet slithered in the wet moss at the edge of the bridge.

She uttered a scream that echoed back from the curtain of trees and coursed along the swollen water. Bill gave a cry that echoed hers and sprang forward to try to catch her as she fell, but her silken sleeve ran through his fingers like rain. Then she was in the river and for a moment swept under by the strong current below the bridge.

She came up as an inert drift of black dress and fair, floating hair, rolling and turning in the eddies, her white hands limp as leaves. There was no movement in her now that was her own; the mill-stream animated her and that was all.

Bill had leaped over the rim after her almost before she vanished from sight. The stream was hardly deep enough for swimming at any time but the spring spate, and even now

## Continuing . . . Aunt Helen

from page 71

its appearance of ferocity was something of an illusion. But he had hard work to keep his feet against the drag and impetus of the water, and even when he had drawn the drifting body into the shelter of his own he had much ado to control its dead weight.

The small, fair face, blue and still in unconsciousness on his arm, moved him again with treacherous memories of beauty, the wet gold hair plastered against his sleeve clung like the recollections of the past. Irresistible fondness tore at his heart again.

You cannot be sick with love for someone for fifteen years and be cured in a moment,

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even by methods as drastic as the knife; even amputations ache afterwards.

He gathered her into his arms and brought her laboriously to the bank, and Rachel was there ankle-deep in the froth and rubbish of high-water to help him lift her up the slope of grass. He tugged off his wet jacket and rolled it up as a pillow for the streaming head.

"Helen!" He shook her, chafed her cheeks and her hands, took her by the chin, and turned her face to one side so that the water could run out of her lips. She did not stir.

Doctor Benson, coming down the field and over the bridge at a headlong run, saw the sliding green marks in the moss and grasped the reason for the scream which had dragged him back from his car. The two young people were kneeling over Helen on the grass, the boy working hard at artificial respiration.

The doctor reflected sardonically that the exercise might at least do Bill good in his present sodden condition, and forebore from remarking at once that it was almost certainly useless to Helen. They looked up at him with wild

relief, since he was the one person who already knew so much that he could be allowed to hear everything.

Rachel scrambled aside to make room for him. Bill rendered his patient to the accomplished old hands and put back the streaming hair from his forehead. "She isn't breathing — it doesn't seem to have any effect."

The doctor turned Helen limp body over, drew down her arms, opened one eye with a fingertip.

"She can't have drowned," said Rachel. "there wasn't time. She wasn't in the water more than a minute or two, Bill wasn't in after her like a flash."

"No, she didn't drown," was a foregone conclusion. "her heart wouldn't stand up to a shock like that. Fright, in fall, and the cold plunge killed her. Exactly how did it happen?"

It was Rachel who told him in the fewest possible words. "We were in the bushes when you came down with her, and we heard everything. We didn't hide for that purpose, it just happened like that. When you'd gone, we came out."

"She tried to carry it off, but this time it didn't work. When Bill made a move towards her — but he was nowhere near her really — she jumped backward and slipped there on the edge and fell in. I think she thought he was going to hit her."

"Maybe I was," said Bill, staring at the translucent blue face motionless in the grass. "I don't know!" He began to shiver with reaction and cold and clenched his teeth to stop them from chattering. She was still beautiful. Reduced to a helpless thing under the doctor's probing hands, tumbling about in the soiled brook water and the wet and trodden grass, she was still beautiful.

He could almost understand how she had been able to kiss him for so long, and other things with him. "And I can't remember her singing!" he burst out, shutting his eyes against the vision of that face uplifted in ecstatic and agonised song in the television screen, making a ceremony of self-worship, with music of Bach, out of the mean and treacherous murder of her husband.

"She's even spoiled that! She's spoiled everything!" a sense of horror filled him, because he found himself suddenly so near to her attitude so perilously near to her crime. He was afraid he had been her enervating shadow as long and would never be free of her.

"I killed her!" he quaked with the cold of the sodden clothes in the chill spring air. His teeth began to chatter uncontrollably. "It was my fault! I killed her!"

Rachel put a hand on his shoulder with surprising strength and considerable asperity, and shook him roughly that he almost lost his balance and was moved, spring indignantly to his feet to face her.

"Don't be a fool!" she said roundly. "You never touched her, and you never would have touched her. If you don't know it, I do. For heaven's sake, don't you start deluding yourself, leave that to the Heims! It wasn't from you she was trying to get away. It was from the mirror she held up to her and the face she saw was her own, and not of your making. Don't you hide behind a guilt you haven't a shadow of a right to."

The momentary flash reminiscent, angry dislike out of his eyes as he looked

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Continuing...

**Aunt  
Helen**

[from page 74]

her. She, at least, was at times irritatingly so, always reassuringly. So, thing like the gleam of a assessed but genuine smile via his face for a moment, and first flush of natural color turned to his snuggled chest. He looked down again at the doctor and asked quietly, "What have we got to about it? Must we tell the police? I suppose we must."

"My dear boy, that's a matter of simple justice to yourself and Margaret, as well as the Renauds. Yes, the police will have to know. It need worry you; the case will not come into court now. The may not even have to be inquest if they're satisfied with your statements and mine. I see no reason why they shouldn't be. The cause death won't be in dispute."

"No, they'll probably be content to make it known in the Greville case is closed their satisfaction. A waste business," he said with bitterness, clambering slowly to feet, "but an economical ending. No sensations, no endings, no immunity."

He looked round at them suddenly and frowned. Bill's dripping condition though he saw it for the time. "Are you out of your wits, boy? Get inside and those wet clothes off at once unless you want pneumonia. Go on, go and ring up the police—tell them I'm waiting here until they come."

**S**TARTLED by the brusqueness of his tone, he turned at once and set off the slippery lawns at a run; and as they went, mutual consent, they entered into a run. It began as a means of reaching the house the sooner, but in a seconds it had become the racing of children let out of school, of creatures newly relieved of a burden and incited by their own lightness and just as they reached the crest of the rise, Bill, finding himself outrunning the doctor, checked for a moment, stretch out a hand to her, she caught at it and they matched their speeds and went with linked hands out of sight.

The doctor watched them go, and the sight seemed to him infinitely reassuring. When he looked down again at the body of Helen it seemed already to have dwindled to grown more insubstantial.

"Well, you were always so," he said to her, wryly smiling. "You know, don't you, the village will say, since you won't have the details at disposal—for I'll be very pried, Helen, if the police it necessary to go to the house of holding an inquest just prove that you fell into a cold stream, and not unaccountably died of myocardial failure."

"Your timing was always excellent. Here it is, the after the funeral, and widow in her deep mourning drawn out of the river. It could be better? Exact to cue, dead or alive, at you've given them the opportunity of keeping up the legend. Accident, well, perhaps, say! Heart failure—Poor Mrs. Greville, everyone knows how she adored her husband of hers—the doctor cause she couldn't live without him!"

(Copyright)



## Continuing . . . The Ellington Girl

from page 25

"Yes, yes — and thank you," Mrs. Ellington grumbled.

"You see?" he said, clasping his head when they were alone on the porch. "She wants emeralds. She wants uranium mines. Nothing I do is right."

"I don't understand. Mother's such a darling."

"A dragon," he murmured. "A thoroughbred dragon is what."

The next time he presented Mrs. Ellington with a box of candy. It was a magnificent thing with flowers and birds embossed on the box, five pounds of the best hand-rolled chocolates in town.

Even the Moulton boys with their dairies could not have done better. He was running himself into debt, dipping into the capital he had saved for a down payment on a house, but he reasoned this was a fight to the death. She accepted the chocolates saying, "My goodness, all those calories," and he noticed she set the box aside firmly.

"Did she act like this with Bob Bayard?"

"Nooooo. She was very elusive I think. She was always upstairs or out at the neighbors or in a bad mood every time Bob tried to ask her if he could marry Nana, and Nana was miserable — but, then, once she realised Bob had sense enough not to sell the old

grey flannel suit, "I want to say that I have never been impressed one way or the other with my ancestor Horatio Dashforth, and I wouldn't want to stay on at this job if I thought he mattered. You can see that. Also, a man who is about to get married has to have something better than a schoolboy's desk at the door. He might as well try to work in the middle of traffic. Mr. Stanhope?"

"Married?" Mr. Stanhope said. "Then you'd be here permanently?"

"Well, sure."

"Of course that makes a difference, Kenneth, because you see so many young people want to go to the city after they have had experience here. But — well, that is a bad desk," and he fluttered around, finding the key to the empty office next to Bob's, the one they used now to store paper cartons. "You going to marry Edie Ellington?" Mr. Stanhope asked.

"I hope so," he said firmly. Things were beginning to seem much easier.

"My, my," the old man said, licking his lips.

At noon he went up to the Ellington house. He told Edie to stay inside and went to the

"She loves me," he said firmly.

Mrs. Ellington shrugged. "I'm as romantic as anyone else, but when I think of my Edie — then I'm practical. I have a heart of stone."

He flushed. "Yeah," he said. Was she smiling, secretly, and what did her smile mean? He straightened, digging his hand into his right pocket, feeling that what old Horatio Dashforth had done was nothing to what he would do now. He looked at her levelly.

"You're right. I don't have anything to offer, Mrs. Ellington. That yellow convertible belongs to my brother in the car business. I haven't even paid for this new suit. Buying you flowers and candy almost bankrupted me. And I can't buy the Anderson place outright. I've got to use my GI loan and all my savings. I see what you mean. If I were Edie's mother I wouldn't let her marry me, either. But I'll tell you this much — nobody you pick can love her more. I — I guess I'd die for Edie."

"So you don't have a lot of money, after all?" she asked softly.

He shook his head.

"But you got Mr. Stanhope to give you your own office. It took Bob two years, three months," she said. "Besides, you see, Edie has had it out with me. Edie, for years my quiet girl, who never made any demands — this morning she tore into me like a panther. I couldn't very well stand in her way, could I?" she asked, and he could not endure to look at her face in that moment. He felt a curious kind of love and admiration. Her big, kind face was twisted with emotion, her eyes were too bright, and her lips quivered. "I just had to be sure," she said, biting her lip.

"It's a deal? You mean — you consent?"

She nodded, watching him almost fearfully. "She'll be safe with you. All I ever wanted was a man who would — well, be honest and say he needed Edie and wasn't trying to — buy her. The Moulton boys were like that, very heavy-handed, very sure of themselves — poor boys. And Freddie Hanson — he's an awful snob. If he had an ancestor like your Dashforth, he'd wear a signet ring or something," she chuckled. "And Bill Jersey, with his suave manners — he's a gigolo. I wouldn't want Edie to marry a good dancer but a poor provider."

"Then," he asked, hesitating, "are you glad it's me?" Somehow, it seemed important to know exactly how she felt.

"I picked you a long time ago," she said quietly.

He put his arm through hers and felt her hand tremble slightly. "There is one thing more I must tell you. I think your coffee is terrible, Mrs. Minnie Ellington."

He spoke gently, smiling at her. He had come a long way from his university days and dreams of glory, a long way from the feeling of failure and insecurity which had dogged him from the moment he first accepted the job at Stanhope's. She was, somehow, responsible for his present elation.

"Isn't it, though?" she said agreeably as they walked to the kitchen door, where Edie stood waiting. "But you'll get used to it." Her hand tightened very slightly on his as though in gratitude. For a moment, he was a little in love with her, too — enough to see her in a flash as she had been at Edie's age. If she was a dragon then she was a lovely one.

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**CHUCKERS WEEKLY**  
EVERY THURSDAY M.



house, she was so sweet to him. Why — ask Bob. He adores her."

"She's a dragon with me," he said.

Ken bought two new suits he could not afford in an effort to appear the prosperous, good-provider type for Edie. He played canasta with Mrs. Ellington night after night and permitted her to win. Across the card table she was even more formidable and she played a cagy, fast game that left him dazzled.

He praised her vile coffee and drank quarts of it, but all the while, day by day, he felt he was losing Edie. After all, he reasoned, it made sense that a woman who had worked hard to keep her daughters happy would not permit a man of uncertain future and no property — who had been employed merely because of a clever, brave ancestor long dead — to walk off with her youngest darling, her most beloved. She was right to hesitate to hand Edie over to what could easily become a life of privations.

One night he had a dream in which he was running backwards down an endless hill, and when he woke he swore to himself he would change his luck. He strode into Mr. Stanhope's office and the little man looked up alarmed, all pink and white like a rabbit. "What — what?" he asked, blinking.

"Mr. Stanhope," he said seriously, very erect in his new

back garden, where Mrs. Ellington was attacking the weeds. When she saw him, she made a grunting sound, said the weeds were the Devil's making, and continued to work as though he could not possibly have anything serious on his mind.

"Look here, Mrs. Ellington," he said briskly. "I can't afford any more of this — this courtship. It's too expensive and it's hard on my nerves. Now that Mr. Stanhope has given me my own office, no doubt he'll expect more work from me, and I want to settle down. I — I want to marry Edie."

"Ummm," she sighed, yanking a weed.

"Yes, I want to marry her and settle here in town. Buy the old Anderson house next door to Bob Bayard and Nana."

"Soooo?" she said, not unkindly. She straightened, grabbing her back and studying him with the steady, burning gaze that had defeated so many before him. "You have your own office. Already?"

He nodded.

"Go on," she ordered.

The earth moved under him. He was again the untired and trembling knight before the almighty dragon. "Go on?" he asked weakly, the morning's success suddenly becoming nothing.

She nodded. "What else have you to offer? Why do you think you should be the one to marry my Edie?"

"I love her," he said weakly. "Ummm."

and it all made a satisfying, old-fashioned sense to him. His old hopes and ambitions, the get-rich-quick ideas he had dreamed up at the university, now seemed to belong to another time — all the foolishness of arrogant, insensitive youth. Instead, he felt like a determined lover who could count on being accepted, who would conquer the dragon, cross the arid moat, and claim the great castle and the maiden's hand. He felt Edie's fingers lace with his.

She was very different from the girls he had known, and he sensed the strong core of womanliness she had inherited from her mother. The evenings passed, each leaving a taste of sweetness, mystery, and a strong itch of desire. He was tired of living in the hotel and swore he would marry Edie soon.

But how? He was afraid to ask her whether she would marry him even without her mother's consent. He must, therefore, win Mrs. Ellington's favor. He studied the various people she admired and tried to devise a shrewd attack. She praised with endless enthusiasm Bill Jersey at the bank. "An earnest, polite young man," she said. Ken became grave and extraordinarily mannerly whenever he saw her, bowing, holding doors open, and praising her poisonous coffee.

She also lauded Freddie Hanson, a young lawyer who had been born in the town. "The Hansons have good blood. One of them was the mayor here. He built the bathhouse. A fine family."

"You've heard of the famous Horatio Dashforth?" he asked, startled to hear himself aping his uncle's proud manner. "He rode from Valley Forge for ten days and nights wearing a torn suit, no hat, and no gloves in the dead of winter. Some people think he turned the tide of the Revolution."

She stared at him, her eyes shiny, her chin trembling. He wished, unable to decide whether she hated him, thought him foolish, or was beginning to like him. "Ancestors are so dead," she said vaguely.

She was even more enthusiastic about the two Moulton brothers, who owned dairy farms and often brought their mother to visit. He had no answer to dairy farms, but he borrowed his brother's yellow convertible as often as possible — his brother was in the car business. He felt like a more possible son-in-law of Minnie the Mighty when he could drive around in that car. She made no comment. He and the car both might as well have been invisible.

"Your mother has a heart of stone," he said to Edith.

Edie frowned. "I don't know. Mother thinks she has to be a mother, too. She just wants to be sure I'm safe," Edie reasoned and gave him one of her long looks full of love.

He set his jaw. "All right," he said. "I'll keep trying." Would she marry against her mother's wishes? He wished he dared ask her that, but she was so quiet, so gentle, and so obedient to her mother's blessing that he could not cause her any pain. He appeared one evening with a bunch of roses which he presented to Mrs. Ellington.

"I hope you like roses," he said. Even to his own ears he sounded silly.

She took them and gave them an intense look. "Bought these from Harry Turner, I see," she muttered.

"You know about the Turrs, don't you? Robbers. Charge you for stepping into the shop and breathing in their

"But they're lovely, Mother," she protested.



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by  
**Prestige**





racehorses, and a real Leonardo da Vinci.

"I do apologise for ordering you about in your own garden," she mumbled, her cheeks burning at the recollection of her behaviour. "I ought to have recognised you."

"Not at all — how could you?"

"Well, your picture's in almost every history book," she replied, wondering if he secretly encouraged his hair to curl up at the ends in order to increase the resemblance to his grim ancestor.

"Oh, you mean Ezzolino, who walled up his erring wife? Anything to draw attention to themselves; that's always been a family failing, I'm afraid."

"Thank heaven, here's Angela with food at last," he exclaimed as the maid brought in a shallow basket of thick bread, a jug of Chianti, and two thick white soup plates piled high with spaghetti.

"And now tell me about yourself, and what you are doing here in the depths of winter," he went on, plunging his fork into the middle of his spaghetti and winding it expertly round.

"I'm Diana Ash," she answered, "and I teach in a finishing school on Lake Geneva, for young ladies with wealthy parents. I have to arrange my holidays to suit other people; at Easter, you see, I shall be escorting a school party to Rome, that's why I come on my own at queer times."

"I would not have guessed you were a schoolteacher; you don't dress the part," he remarked in a downright manner that did away with any compliment.

"I strive to please," she answered in a mocking tone, but, ignoring it, he went on:

"And you're going to be married soon?" looking down at the delicate Victorian hoop of pearls and tourmaline on her left hand.

"He was killed in Libya, in an aircraft, the very last week of the war." Even after ten years she could not speak the words easily.

"You must have been very young."

"Nineteen," she answered, "but old enough to recognise the best. I've never met anyone his equal." Taking a gulp of the cold rough wine, she added, her voice suddenly shrill, "and you helped to kill him, if you—"

"Do you think I don't realise that?" he interrupted her quietly. "Italy today is full of young men who think that if they can ride around on a motor scooter making sufficient noise everything is all right. I am not one of them, there are plenty of things I can't forget."

"I'm sorry," she muttered.

"Don't worry, you did right to say it."

What an amazingly controlled person he is, she thought, as they sat in silence while the plates were changed; any other Italian would have started shouting and waving his arms around.

"It's never right to be rude and childish," she said, as soon as they were alone again, "besides, it's all over and done with long ago."

"But not for you," he said, looking intently at her. She made no reply, her heart was drumming so she felt the sound must fill the whole room, and yet he had neither said nor done anything out of the ordinary—it must be the wine, she thought confusedly.

He stopped eating and, pushing his plate away, he held out his cigarette-case to her. She shook her head, and, lighting his cigarette, he got up and restlessly walked over to the window.

"I see it's begun snowing a little," he said. "I think we should be starting back fairly soon, if you're ready. I'll wait for you downstairs."

The low, powerful car was

## Continuing . . . All on a Winter's Day

from page 19

drawn up outside the door when Diana came down, and in a moment she was wrapped in a fur rug, and they were racing along the straight road between the lines of poplars and the bare fields, already powdered with white. Beyond inquiring if she was warm enough, he remained silent, totally absorbed in driving, and thankfully she turned her face away from him, thinking, as she watched the countryside slip by, that in a few minutes everything would be over; somehow it did not seem possible.

"Would you like me to drop you at your hotel?" he asked, breaking in on her thoughts.

"Anywhere will do, thank you," she answered. "I checked out of my hotel this morning and left my luggage at the station. I'm catching the Paris Express."

"Do you consider you know me well enough yet to come back to my flat till then? I live with my sister, but I can't promise you she'll be at home; she seems to have enormously long sessions at the dressmakers every day, and committees for good works, of course."

"Yes, I'd like that," Diana answered.

They were already driving through the suburbs, slithering over the tramlines running between high factory walls, and in a few moments they turned into a quiet square with a statue of Garibaldi in a frock coat under the bare trees.

When they drew up before the great doors of an old stone palazzo, ornamented with armorial carvings, Diana exclaimed, "It's very splendid."

God first made Man. He thought better of it and made Woman. When He got time He made a Horse, which has the courage and spirit of Man and the beauty and grace of Woman.  
—Brazilian saying

"We don't occupy the whole house any more," he said, preceding her up the broad stone stairs, "the first floor is sufficient for myself and my sister."

The door was opened so promptly by a man in white gloves that Diana suspected he had nothing else to do, and a maid also materialised at once and led her off into a vast marble bathroom containing a plush sofa, a full-length mirror, and a frilled dressing-table laid out with a complete toilet set, even down to a silver-mounted pin-cushion.

"What a splendid bathroom," she remarked as she rejoined Roberto in the drawing-room. "I don't think I've ever seen anything quite like it."

"Is it?" he answered in an abstracted manner, and all at once she felt curiously deflated; the strange, intimate atmosphere of the little room in the inn had entirely disappeared, and she found herself wondering what she was doing sitting on an uncomfortable Empire couch with a complete stranger; the distance between them seemed immeasurable.

Abruptly Roberto broke the silence. "Listen," he began, and then stopped. "No, you'd like some tea first. Come along," and taking her by the wrist he led through the double doors into the dining-room, where a heavy Spanish table was set out with food enough for ten people.

Formally he pulled out a high-backed brocade chair for her. "Will you pour?"

"I'll try," Diana replied, gazing at the array of ornate silver on a tray in front of her; "there seems an awful lot of food. Who eats it all?"

"I haven't any idea. My Scottish great-grandmother began it, and it's gone on ever since in just the same way, except, of course, during the second war they stopped sending the cake from the grocer's in Piccadilly."

He lit a cigarette and then, after a few seconds, he stubbed it out, and, pushing back his chair impatiently, he explained, "Let's go into the library. At least we can sit there comfortably, within speaking distance of one another. Bring your cup if you want to."

The library, which reminded Diana of the ladies' annexe at a military club, was a dark, panelled room with copies of "Punch" and "The Tatler" neatly laid out on a round mahogany table.

"I'm not really one for afternoon tea," Roberto continued. "I hope you don't mind if I have a drink?"

She shook her head. Watching him pour himself a measure of whisky into a tumbler with a foxhound painted on it, she could not take her eyes away—if she looked up the whole world might splinter into little pieces.

"Diana," he said at last, "I want to marry you."

"Oh, no!" she gasped. "You must be mad."

"I was afraid you'd say that," he answered, "but I'm really quite sane, only I just happen to be one of those people who know exactly what I want. I realise it's too soon, but I had to try. I couldn't let you slip through my fingers just because I hadn't known you the correct length of time—it was a ten million to one chance, but I had to take it, don't you see?"

"But how can you know me, let alone love me, after half a day? It's impossible."

For a moment he was silent, tilting his glass and staring down into it, then he said, "I adore your pale distinction, your quiet Northernness. It makes me think of antique white jade. I'm so sick of plump, dark little women with elderly baby faces and shrill voices, all simply dying to get married."

"You haven't answered my question; or at least you have in a way—you don't love me; you just want me to add to your possessions—English, like the fruit cake."

"Would it make all that difference if I could lay my hand upon my heart and swear I loved you, as I had never loved before?" he asked.

"Only if you meant it."

"And if I did?"

"But you don't. Oh, do let's stop this; it's no use," Diana cried in distress, pressing her fingers to her temples, for her head felt as though it were stuffed with cotton-wool. "I can't bear it. It's impossible."

"All right," he said gently, "I won't say any more."

And then, without warning, he pulled her towards him, and she felt his mouth pressed down on hers, the dark seas of delight breaking over her. When at last he released her, trembling, it was as though all her bones had been turned to water, and she sat down helplessly.

She looked up at him and the whole room seemed to shimmer with her happiness.

"In my suitcase there's a dress I bought in Paris for a very grand party; it's the color of hock in a pale green glass—I want to wear it now, tonight—I want to waltz in your arms."

"It wouldn't work, my dear," he said, touching her hair very

lightly. "After all, I am not an Englishman brought up on porridge and cold baths. I should want to make love to you."

The bubble had burst, leaving her with nothing but emptiness and exhaustion. With a great effort she forced her lips into a smile. "Well, then there's really nothing more to be said, is there?" she said, getting up.

"By and by," she thought, "I shall mind about this more than anything that has ever happened."

"I shall accompany you to the station," Roberto announced, and she had no strength to argue. She saw him ring for her coat, heard him give orders about dinner, and take her down to the car as though in a dream.

The train was already standing at the platform, a thick white layer on the tops of the carriages.

"It's snowing hard in the mountains," the porter remarked with gloomy relish, but neither of them answered him. Roberto was busy buying mineral water from an old woman wearing several cardigans over a black overall, while Diana fumbled for her tickets.

"Thank you; thank you so much," she managed to gulp out finally; it sounded horribly inadequate, but something seemed to choke her.

"There is nothing to thank me for," Roberto replied, helping her on to the train. "I hope you have a pleasant journey."

"Goodbye," she replied, only anxious to get it over. But he still held her hand.

"Darling," he murmured in a low, urgent voice. "I wish you so much good."

"Good luck to you, too," she answered, and turned away.

Watching the attendant arrange her luggage, the words "I wish you so much good" echoed in her head; suddenly it came to her in a blinding flash—it was a literal translation of the Italian "Ti voglio tanto bene," the most tender and deeply affectionate thing that could possibly be said in the language, and she had failed to understand out of pride and silliness. She had insisted on a formal declaration of love, and when he had forced himself to make it she hadn't even been aware of it. She had thrown aside his offer, with all that it stood for, determined to dictate the terms of their relationship herself, and now, when it was too late—

"Oh, Roberto, I've been such a fool!" she cried aloud as the train began to slide slowly out of the station, and, seizing her case, she stumbled into the corridor.

"I've made a terrible mistake; I must get out!" she cried, but her voice was drowned by a sudden shriek from the engine, and the ticket collector, who was standing by the door, merely nodded non-committally at her.

"Oh, please help me," Diana shouted, trying to make herself heard above the noise. "I must get off the train."

Seeing the distress in her face, he nodded sympathetically.

"You are in luck, Signorina. The train is stopping just for tonight at Arcagno for one minute only, to let off a plate-layer. We shall be there almost immediately. You must be ready to jump down quickly."

"I'm very grateful," she said.

"For a beautiful young lady," he answered, smiling and helping her down almost tenderly, "I hope it will turn out all right for you. Good luck," he called out as the train began to pull away, leaving her standing on the platform with the snowflakes whirling all around her.

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the art of

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Only the back of a Sportscraft skirt but—Sportscraft tailors it as importantly as the most important detail. Although it's the half you seldom see off the hanger, it's the half your audience notices all the time. Here—in soft, smooth Saxony pure wool\*—the subtle Herringbone weave even more subtly blended through seams and double fishtail pleats. In kasha, platinum greys, mink, lilac, misty blues, winter greens, coral, XSSW-XW—all exclusive to Sportscraft—at Sportscraft specialists throughout Australia. About £7/19/6. As for the perfect entrance—you're sure of it always wearing Sportscraft.

\*IN 100% VIRGIN WOOL Federal Fabric

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## Australia's loveliest blankets

Soft, sleep-inducing Laconia Lamb's Wool Blankets are lovelier than ever in their superb range of glorious pastel shades, rich contemporary plain colours and gay checks. Choose from plain or bound styles in all sizes from King to Cot.

# Laconia

**PURE LAMB'S WOOL BLANKETS**

Moth-proofed by the latest  
SI-RO-MOTH'D process

Make "goodnight" a certainty



THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE WOOL





## Two beauties in the same family

**PINK PEARL RHODODENDRON**, azaleas, cinerarias, and a border of lamb's ear make a beautiful corner in Mr. and Mrs. James McGouran's garden at Toorak, Melbourne (above). The trees in the background protect the shrubs from strong winds and summer sun. Few flowering shrubs last longer or give more pleasure to the gardener than rhododendrons.

### GARDENING

**A**LL azaleas belong to the genus rhododendron, but the climate needed by these two shrubs differs widely. Rhododendrons require fairly high, cool conditions, while azaleas do well in Australia's warm coastal country.

Rhododendrons and azaleas both need acid soil, enjoy semi-shade, protection from fierce sunshine and from strong hot and cold winds. Both dislike badly drained soil, drought, and cultivation that injures their roots.

Peaty soils, or those containing plenty of natural leaf-mould, suit both. Rhododendrons do best in soil that comprises at least 60 per cent. acid humus.

Ordinary garden soil is rarely acid enough for either rhododendrons or azaleas, because it seldom contains enough organic matter. When preparing for either of these beautiful shrubs, add plenty of rotted cow manure, compost made without lime, and leafmould of an acid nature.

When in full flower, azaleas are usually as nearly dormant as they ever become, and nurserymen know they transplant best and become quickly established at this time.



**AZALEAS** (above) excel for delightful and lasting displays of color. This picture, taken at the home of Professor and Mrs. E. G. Waterhouse, at Gordon, Sydney, shows *Mortii* azaleas of the *Indica* variety. Azaleas need acid soil and plenty of water.

**NATIVE TREES** of thin foliage make fine companions for azaleas, as shown in the picture at right, taken at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Francis, at Normanhurst, Sydney. Kurume, Mollis, and Chent are all suitable varieties of azaleas to grow under native trees.



### PROBLEMS SOLVED

Readers' garden problems will be solved by our gardening expert if they write, giving full details and enclosing specimens of pests and diseases of plants. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address queries to "Garden Expert," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



## Mink Soft!

Caressably mink soft is just how your hair will be after the luxury of a White Rain shampoo; after a million gentle bubbles leave your hair glistening with new highlights; after the purest of costly ingredients make it so easy to manage.

He'll love it, too . . .

The Touch of

**WHITE RAIN**

. . . the superlative shampoo.



"Dry and liquid ingredients" easily measured and poured"

**DRY MEASURES** . . . ounces, pounds, grams and standard cups of flour/sugar.  
**LIQUID MEASURES** . . . pints, fluid ounces, gills, standard cups, litres, and c.c.s.



**H.W.L.**

### KITCHEN MEASURE JUG

The H.W.L. Kitchen Measure Jug has all the features of an accurate measure, coupled with exclusive features that make it the most practical jug of our times. Its dry and liquid measures (as listed above) form the most complete range of domestic measures yet offered, while its specially designed spout and transparency make fast, accurate measuring and pouring easier than ever before. As illustrated at right, the spout permits either fast or slow pouring in a perfect stream (even from a trimming jug), while the transparent sides enable the contents to be seen and measured against the quantities indicated on the outside. Apart from these two features, this H.W.L. product also offers . . . a pleasant appearance, handy 2-pint capacity, a comfortable finger-firmed handle and a choice of red, green, guimasse, blue or white. Made from soft Polythene, the H.W.L. Kitchen Measure Jug is priced, in eastern capital cities, at a mere 5/6, and slightly higher in other areas.



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Mother, if your daughter's growing up

—ensure she has the correct protection  
her rapidly-developing figure needs

## KAYSER 'TEENAGER BRA'



Protect your growing daughter's health and beauty. Active school days are the time she really needs the scientific control of a Kayser "Teenager Bra" . . . the only bra that's specially designed to naturally guide her figure towards loveliness in the years ahead.



Sports time! Vigorous action! Essential moments for a Kayser 'Teenager Bra'. She'll appreciate its comfort, its feeling of security, the 'grown-up' control it maintains.



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Style 219—in easy-to-laundry, crisp, white cotton poplin, sizes 30, 32, 34, only

10/6

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Prices slightly less in some States.

## KAYSER 'TEENAGER BRA'

The foundation for a lifetime of loveliness.

For the name of your nearest Kayser stockist write to Kayser Pty. Ltd., 238 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

### MOVIE GOSSIP

## The Days make a smart team

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

**DORIS DAY** and producer **Marty Melcher** are now looked upon in Hollywood as one of the smartest husband-and-wife teams in the entertainment business, second only to **Desi Arnaz** and **Lucille Ball** of "I Love Lucy" fame.

Immediately after their first co-venture, "Julie," the hard-heads weren't too sure that Marty was going to be good for Doris' career. But since then there's been a definite change of opinion.

This has come about with the signing of a new two-picture contract with Columbia which will give the pair just over £128,888 a film.

First of these is to be "Wreck of Old 97," which will star Doris and those two fast-rising actors **Jack Lemmon** and **Ernie Kovacs**.

ONE of the old Humphrey Bogart successes, "Knock on Any Door," is to have a sequel. Author **Willard Motley** has just sold "Let No Man Write My Epitaph" to Columbia, who did the original in 1949, in which **John Derek** co-starred with **Bogart**.

AFTER being off the screen for quite a while, that fellow with the big voice, **Howard Keel**, has been offered a film role by **Sir Arthur Rank**. The picture, with the title "Floods of Fear," is to be made in England.

NOTES from the romance front: **Rock Hudson** has been taking out that blonde with a difference, **Barbara Nichols**; but so too has her co-star of "The Naked and the Dead," **Aldo Ray**. That old romance between **Tyrone Power** and **Mai Zetterling** has cooled off for keeps. Argentine actress **Linda Cristal** is being dated by **Ginger Rogers'** ex-husband, **Jacques Bergerac**.

AMONG others, jovial **Lou Costello** is cashing in on the current interest in sputniks and all things un-earthly. He will make a science-fiction thriller alarmingly called "The Giant Woman." It will be his first film without his former partner, **Bud Abbott**.

## New Film Releases

### ★ ★ ACROSS THE BRIDGE

Rank Organisation suspense drama, with **Rod Steiger**, **David Knight**, and **Marla Landi**. From the story by **Graham Greene**. Embassy, Sydney.

THE big thing about this moral-pointing British film is American **Rod Steiger**.

It's virtually his show—and he carries the banner right across the bridge to stardom.

His performance as an international swindler on the run from Scotland Yard is forceful, realistic (he's a Methodist school product), and first class.

Most of the story is set in Mexico, and though there is plenty of pace and excitement, director **Ken Annakin** gives the pointed morals rather too much of a hammering—Money Isn't Everything and, of course, Crime Doesn't Pay.

Against the reality of the picture there is a pathetically artificial relationship between **David Knight**, as a fast-buck-making truck driver, and his waitress girl-friend, **Marla Landi**.

Technically, too, the big-screen film fails. Some of the photographic clichés and painted backdrops jar horribly. And the fierce glare of the Mexican sun (created by clever studio lighting) frequently looks like clever studio lighting.

But none of this is really important, because, although **Steiger** never quite has you on the edge of your seat, he keeps you thoroughly absorbed. —A.L.H.

In a word: GOOD.

**VENETIA STEVENSON** and her former husband **Russ Tamblyn**, are finding that it really is a small world. **Venetia** tactfully left a part that was given for **Russ** on the eve of his entering the Army when he arrived escorting **Diane Varsi**, his co-star in "Peyton Place." But two nights later **Tamblyn** showed no concern when he shared a table with **Venetia** and her date **Tab Hunter**.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average

### ★ ★ SADDLE THE WIND

M.G.M. outdoor drama with **Robert Taylor**, **Julie London**, **John Cassavetes**. Metrocolor, CinemaScope. St. James, Sydney.

THANKS to the raw-nerved acting of **Cassavetes** as a trigger-happy mixed-up youngster of the old West, and some superior acting in the same vein from the supporting cast, this story of trouble on the range keeps its interest till the end.

Ex-gunfighter **Taylor**, now a respectable rancher, copes in his own stolid way with the problem of **Cassavetes** as a younger brother, with squatters who intend to fence the open range, and with unexpected presence on the range of a fancy dance-hall girl.

In this role, **Julie London** brought home by **Cassavetes** as his future bride after a visit to town, strikes the usual unlikely note of Western heroines.

Some beautiful locations sites have been chosen in the Colorado Rockies, and the dramatic pace and tension achieved in the gunfight sequences by director **Robert Parrish** go a long way in cancelling out the weaker moments.

In a word: MEATY.



TARZAN with clothes on. **Gordon Scott** (Tarzan) and **Eve Brent** (Jane) enjoy a cup of coffee after finishing a day's filming.



NIGHT OUT is shared by former actress **Louise** (now wife of Fox production chief **Burt Adler**), **Deborah Kerr**, her husband, **Anthony Bartley**, and their daughter, **Melanie**.



# The loveliest gift for Mother

Gift-packed  
for the first time ...  
Three cakes of  
new Cashmere Bouquet Pink  
(HER FAVOURITE BEAUTY SOAP)  
in the new  
pink and silver foil wrap



## Cashmere Bouquet pink

### SCENTED WITH RARE, COSTLY FRENCH PERFUMES

Whether your Mother is young or old, she will love this modern gift of the new Cashmere Bouquet in the world's most popular colour - Pink! New Pink Cashmere Bouquet with its glorious perfume makes the most perfect Mother's Day gift.

### RICH WITH BEAUTY-GIVING CREAMS...

For the first time, you can buy three big cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Pink in this delightful Mother's Day box. At the same time, this beauty soap will give her skin the benefit of a unique creamy formula that makes every bath a beauty treatment.













Buy early for Mothers' Day, Sunday, May 11th.



# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard  
for week beginning May

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a new venture.</p>	<p>★ Your business judgment is shrewd just now, so use these influences to organise finance department on a sound basis. New developments are expected shortly.</p>	<p>★ If a parent you will be likely to bend your energies to give the family what they want. Be guided by common sense. Is the question at issue permanent or a whim?</p>	<p>★ If love's first bloom has gone, console yourself with the thought that you can't live forever in the clouds. Both of you have duties or obligations to discharge.</p>	<p>★ Fixed appointments, the ordinary round of activities are the chief emphasis. Club meetings, study groups, classes, conversations with arts and crafts busy you.</p>
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in loving and being loved.</p>	<p>★ Make up your mind about what you want, for conditions are favorable if you keep your demands within reason. Requests to the boss should be well received.</p>	<p>★ That long-talked-about plan may get under way for doing up daughter's room or fixing up a rumpus room. Maybe you have a cupboard complex and yearn for extra storage.</p>	<p>★ Those young in years and those young in heart should find this week thrilling. Your beloved may go out of his way to please you, taking you on a luxury outing.</p>	<p>★ Concentrating on the things you do best, and enjoy, this week is the best. If you have a hobby you are going to ride it hard. You of you attain a prize.</p>
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, orange. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in following a hunch.</p>	<p>★ Should there be a storm brewing in connection with your work, keep out of complications, accept a sudden shift in your position, whether it happens to be welcome or not.</p>	<p>★ Discontented with the old cooking-and-clearing circuit which moves along in the same old groove? Perhaps friends have left the district. Adopt a hobby.</p>	<p>★ The burden of keeping up a friendship falls mostly on the girl. It is she who flatters the boy's vanity with generous appreciation. Never forget to thank him.</p>	<p>★ Sudden close friendships, which you live in each other's pockets, may end as quickly as they began. Take it always as a warning to allow time for permanence.</p>
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a new friendship.</p>	<p>★ Be ready to grant any reasonable favor. Your popularity quotient is high and you can turn this to good account. Do not grumble over extra work.</p>	<p>★ Invite your friends to spend the afternoon and bring their work along. Enthusiastic knitters anxious to finish that pullover will appreciate a chance to talk.</p>	<p>★ If you have not paired off with any one boy you may face a few awkward moments when called upon to choose between several at a party. Make your choice tactfully.</p>	<p>★ Go out and meet people. Attract their friendship. If the men inclined to stand off, it may be because they are shy. It's up to you to take the first step.</p>
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in the limelight.</p>	<p>★ Whatever your motive for working, whether to earn your living or to help the community, you may be facing a crossroad in your career. Don't demand a showdown.</p>	<p>★ Often the homemaker must choose between family and social claims. The folks at home may protest over too many outside interests, but don't be dull.</p>	<p>★ Although you may be attracted to the most magnetic figure in your crowd, you need not suppose he is the best husband material. Quiet boys often are best.</p>	<p>★ Big formal events may be on your schedule. Preparation for them may be exciting, if for instance, you are on the arrangements or decorating committee.</p>
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck across distance.</p>	<p>★ If enterprise sets you off on a long-term project, with results a long way ahead, don't be discouraged. Although pursued only at intervals, the task will succeed.</p>	<p>★ All of us love to travel. Reading out loud to the children or other members of the household about distant places is a fine substitute for touring.</p>	<p>★ A girl owes it to her best beloved to be glamorous. If you let your romance sail along casually because you believe you are sure of the outcome, he may disappear.</p>	<p>★ Those discontented with the way they spend their leisure may be down and do some solid thinking. A new interest, such as a book, may discover a new talent.</p>
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in the afternoon.</p>	<p>★ The possibility exists that you may lose a privilege through its abuse by other people. Let this sink in with your associates before attempting to regain it.</p>	<p>★ Annoyances in regard to landlord, tenant, or neighbor can consume your vitality and make you less efficient than you should be. Keep your sense of humor.</p>	<p>★ For a number of you there is the chance of a new friendship. Probably meeting on business, you may take little notice of each other at first. Time works miracles.</p>	<p>★ Cutting out social affairs for a few days may give you the time you need to finish one particular piece of work. You may be looking for a special function.</p>
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in the ending of a conflict.</p>	<p>★ Those who spend time and energy recklessly must pay the bill. Refuse to be a leaning post for others. Keep business relationships on a practical basis.</p>	<p>★ Many a homemaker has wriggled out of an unwelcome request by saying that her husband objects. This may be a white lie, but it is tactful.</p>	<p>★ Single Scorpio subjects may change their status soon. Those already married may be drawn together by a new arrival in the family. Happiness will be intense.</p>	<p>★ Loyalty to a friend might lead you to back up someone who doesn't deserve it. You may be aware of only half the story. Don't be proud to admit your mistake.</p>
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in bounding vitality.</p>	<p>★ A demon for work, you feel you can tackle anything at present. Those in authority are well disposed to give you a fair chance. Be ready to act.</p>	<p>★ The ideal housekeeping schedule has yet to be found, yet most people have a rough-and-ready plan. Have you good equipment? Study your kitchen like an engineer.</p>	<p>★ A girl is foolish if she tries to outdo the boy she loves. If she's as smart as all that he may decide she doesn't need him. Let him display his masculine superiority.</p>	<p>★ As a member of a team, or perhaps in a partnership, you may receive a visit from Lady Luck. This could bring about changes in plans or fresh possibilities.</p>
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a mild gamble.</p>	<p>★ You know the value of money better than most and you often tend to be ultra conservative in your calculations, but with a little bonus you can be extravagant.</p>	<p>★ You may be depressed by friends failing to return your hospitality. This may be due to a number of causes beyond their control and not to lack of appreciation.</p>	<p>★ If the one-and-only wants to make a splash by taking you to a fashionable place, don't scold him for spending his money. He wants to please you.</p>	<p>★ A wish or an ambition for which you have long yearned secretly may be within your grasp. There will be certain drawbacks, however, with it which you prepare to stand up to.</p>
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in solving a problem.</p>	<p>★ Never scorn small savings, minor gains which soon grow into a respectable amount. Know where your money is going and why. Budget carefully.</p>	<p>★ The new home often seems to need dozens of things for which one must wait but doing up an old home is a challenge to your ingenuity. Study and adapt new ideas.</p>	<p>★ Should you be annoyed with your beloved over some unimportant incident, don't sulk. Say frankly, but pleasantly, what you think, and then drop the subject.</p>	<p>★ If you have finished a new effort, you might prefer to take easy and limit amusement to radio, television, theatre-going. You deserve a rest.</p>
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in an interview.</p>	<p>★ Just restless? Fed up with doing the same old things, whether it's typing letters or washing dishes? Find out more about your job and your interest will be renewed.</p>	<p>★ The parent of teenagers will face a few problems. Customs, chance, manners grow more casual, but you will be judged by the way your children behave.</p>	<p>★ If you are young and not sure of the right thing to do socially, you may make mistakes through nervousness. Apologise, if necessary, to your beloved later.</p>	<p>★ More crammed in than you can manage, but you'll soon be through. Answer invitations promptly, because this is elementary courtesy. Be punctual.</p>



NEW ECONOMICAL WAY TO HAIR  
HEALTH FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

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## MEDICATED SHAMPOO

### clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians to-day are suffering from unhealthy hair and scalp. Sometimes, not realising this, they believe they have naturally dull hair. But if they realise something is wrong, all too frequently they adopt the wrong kind of treatment—start applying lotions and dressings that merely mask the problem temporarily instead of tackling it at its root.

**WHAT SCIENCE SAYS ABOUT DULL HAIR AND DANDRUFF**  
Hair specialists have found that very many hair troubles stem from one cause—the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff, accumulating on the scalp can form a deposit which tends to block the hair follicles. This can prevent the free flow of the natural scalp oils that give healthy hair its lovely natural gloss. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff)—often it is in the hair without being seen at all.

**HOW LOXENE HELPS TO REMOVE THE CAUSE OF UNHEALTHY HAIR**  
The answer to all these troubles caused by unhealthy hair was found by formulating a scalp treatment as a medicated shampoo. This preparation, called Loxene, makes hair and scalp really clean by removing all grime and flaky deposits. With regular use, Loxene removes and helps to overcome the development of dandruff.

**ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR**  
Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly, it is the natural way to beautiful hair. Seeing is believing—get a bottle of Loxene to-day and learn the new simple and economical way to hair health and beauty for all the family.



LOXENE  
MEDICATED SHAMPOO AND SCALP TREATMENT

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8 shampoos in every bottle



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F9924. — Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make girl's pants. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Requires  $\frac{7}{8}$  to 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

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# Fashion PATTERNS

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F4840. — Smart shorts and top outfit ideal for winter holidays in the sun. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Top requires 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 36in. material; the shorts 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4826. — Clever chemise dress that can be worn with or without a belt. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

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F4646. — Coat-dress with interesting back treatment. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6  $\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

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No. 696. — BABY'S LAYETTE. Baby's frock, petticoat, and nightgown, cut out ready to make in white, pink, or blue flannelette; also in cream, blue, pink, lemon, or green Turella. Set in flannelette: Frock, 16/9; petticoat, 9/8; nightgown, 17/3; complete set, 42/-.

No. 697. — MATERNITY PINAFORE-FROCK. This useful maternity pinafore-frock is available cut out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. Color choice includes redwood-brown, American beauty, flame-red, mid-green, or Norfolk-blue. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 59/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 62/3. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

No. 698. — ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE. This dainty blouse with long sleeves and a Peter Pan collar is available cut out ready to make in white, blue, pink, lemon, and green Turella. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/6. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

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696

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Gentle protective Barrier Cream applied every day keeps soft and beautiful . . . stops harsh detergents and work grime from damaging tender skin. Simply rub Barrier Cream into your hands before you start work, and when you finish easily wash them clean with soap and water. Barrier Cream, enriched with pure lanolin, nourishes skin tissues and keeps hands soft and lovely. Buy a tube or a jar of Barrier Cream today — and have beautiful hands always. For the prevention and treatment of dermatitis.



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VEGETABLE	<b>All DOUBLE STRENGTH</b>		MULLIGATAWNY
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## SOUPS

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have been engulfed by one of the weird green spirals and now find themselves in a strange all-green world peopled by queer little men. They find there all the people who vanished from Earth into the green. Communicating by thought transference, Mandrake learns they are in the world of Xmyx, in another dimension. The little green men can reach into our world to draw men and objects to their green Xmyx. The Earthmen, they say, have been brought to Xmyx to find and stop the one who makes their heads ache. NOW READ ON:



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Money & Almond Cream  
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Hand water—detergent—soap—grace  
into their full. Restore natural oils to your  
hands and keep them level with Hinds  
Money & Almond Cream. All chemists.



That's why I buy  
**FORD PILLS**  
I find them marvellous for Constipation, Indigestion, Headaches, Stomach troubles, Rheumatism and many other aches and pains. Dad and I use them regularly and if the kiddies are cranky, a Ford will crush 'em. In honey puts them right overnight. Ford Pills are so SAFE and sure. Ford Pills are the gentle, fast-acting, painless laxative for all your family. In red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

**FORD PILLS**

**BEAUTY** in a  
**SURGICAL STOCKING**

SUPERFINE  
NYLONS  
with relief from  
**VARICOSE  
VEINS**

Mould the leg to a  
favourable line

**Scholl**  
2-WAY STRETCH  
NYLON  
SURGICAL  
HOSIERY

Don't let varicose veins mar leg beauty. Don't let them cause you suffering. Scholl Superfine Surgical Nylons hide varicose veins, provide scientifically accurate support, wonderful comfort and relief—yet nobody knows you're wearing them. They're light, cool, feather-soft, ladder-proof. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

SCHOLL 2-WAY STRETCH  
NYLON, YARN, SURGICAL HOSIERY



**Give Baby  
Lovely  
Curls**  
CURLPET makes baby's hair grow curly... removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

**Curlypet**

**TEENA** Lilla Terry

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE? I THOUGHT YOU AND HILLARY HAD A DATE TO GO TO THE BIG FORMAL AT THE CLUB TONIGHT!



THAT'S THE IDEA! I'VE FIGURED OUT TH' DANDIEST SCHEME FOR GETTING HILLARY SO MAD HE'LL NEVER WANT TO SPEAK TO ME AGAIN!!



I SURE HATE TO MISS THAT DANCE, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT TO GET RID OF THAT PEST.



BY NOW HE MUST BE CHASING FRANTICALLY ALL OVER TOWN, HUNTING EV'RYWHERE FOR ME... HE'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING HERE...



H'LO, HILLARY... I'M SO SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT... I'VE ABSOLUTELY NO EXCUSE...



LAST NIGHT? WHA' HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?



OUR DATE! I STOOD YOU UP! AREN'T YOU FURIOUS?



? DATE...? YIPES! THE DANCE!! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT!!!



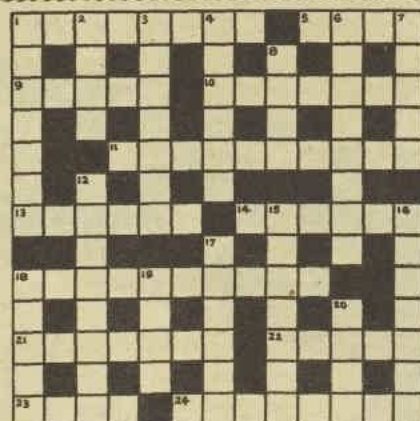
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Erroneously puts on airs in the upper story (8).
5. Fat fallen into desuetude (4).
9. No guy and certainly not old (5).
10. A bank asks for linen fabrics (7).
11. Centre page (Anagr. 10).
13. Sent as the most sensible (6).
14. The deadly sins could form such a group (6).
18. Encomiasts whose inside is last mentioned (10).
21. Let turn to a fishy end an effective narration (7).
22. Biblical mountain visible from a shore beat (5).
23. Only full after a sentence (4).
24. Even if it is painful you must keep it under your hat (8).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Greek hero known for sly uses (7).
2. Spade-like tool probably for digging potato (4).
3. Fishermen whose slang is broken but surrounds their name (7).
4. Put into literary form (6).
6. They rise suddenly starting with a mixed mouthful and ending with tarts (8).
7. Perceive the flavor of tea on the troubled East (5).
8. Prognostic for no human beings (4).
12. Figure cut in a hard substance when there is a log in it (8).
15. Her date (Anagr. 7.—For electricians).
16. In a soprano voice one thousand quaver (7).
17. Dialectal accent in a rough shoe (6).
18. Three Greek goddesses (5).
19. Step lightly with a tea rake (4).
20. Boy who little by little proved himself very popular (4).

You'll love  
new Cutex

... the way it looks  
... the way it wears  
... the economical way it lasts



**LOOKS so luxurious!** CUTEX jewels your fingertips to perfection... stays bright and beautiful from one manicure to the next!

**WEARS so well!** CUTEX glides on and stays on at the touch of the nylon brush! It's made with Enamelon to resist chipping, peeling, cracking. Out-wears any nail polish at any price!

**LASTS so long!** CUTEX saves you money because CUTEX gives you a manicure that lasts so much longer. Try it... choose your CUTEX fashion color today. It's one luxury you can easily afford!

And for matching lips, wear CUTEX Stay Fast Lipstick... it's extra creamy, extra rich in sheer Lanolin. Keeps lips truly radiant with color—all day, all evening, even after a kiss!

For lasting beauty...

**CUTEX**

In the traditional style  
—in the home for a LIFETIME

In Swan-Cromalin plate or polished aluminium. Black plastic lid. Holds 6 cups. See these at your store.



**Willow**  
TEAPOT

BULPITT & SONS LTD., BIRMINGHAM 18, ENGLAND



**Meltonian**  
TAKES SPECIAL CARE  
OF GOOD SHOES

- ★ Smooth, nourishing cream
- ★ Enriches the colour
- ★ Preserves the finish

WHEN BUYING SHOES... BUY MATCHING MELTONIAN





**FLAVOR**  
in the cup  
comes from  
**QUALITY**  
in the packet



It pays to buy quality  
... particularly when  
buying tea. You get  
more flavor, more en-  
joyment from every  
cup, and many more  
cups from every  
pound of Bushells Tea